



P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

C O N T A I N I N G,

The Progress of Music in <i>Ireland.</i>	An Essay towards a Translation of <i>Anacreon.</i>
The Poet's Well.	An ODE on his Majesty's Birth-Day.

To which is added,

The PLAGUE of WEALTH,

O C C A S I O N ' D

By the AUTHOR's receiving Fifty Pounds from his Excellency
the Lord *CARTERET*, for the foremention'd ODE.

With several

POEMS not in the *Dublin* Edition.

By *MATTHEW PILKINGTON*, M. A.

The S E C O N D E D I T I O N.

Revised by the Reverend Dr. S W I F T.

L O N D O N :

Printed for RICHARD WELLINGTON, at the *Dolphin*
and *Crown* without *Temple-Bar*.

M D C C . X X X V I I .

P O E M S

1608/3559.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

CONTAINING

The Progress of the Poem in an English Translation
of the original Latin Poem
in One of the Manuscripts
of the Poem.

THE PLACQUE OF WEALTH

By the Author of the Poem, and the Translator, in a
new Edition, with a new Preface.

POEMS not in the Poem Edition.

By MATTHEW BALESTON, M.A.

THE SECOND EDITION.

Revised by the Author, and the Translator.

L O V D O W

Printed at the University Press, in the City of London.

MDCCLXXII





To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

R O B E R T

E A R L of KILDARE,

Baron of OPHELIA, and one
of His Majesty's most ho-
nourable Privy Council.

My L O R D,



U T H O R S, tho' they risk their
Reputation by committing them-
selves to the Censures of the
Public, are yet sufficiently repaid
by that Indulgence allow'd them of addres-
sing the most eminent *Men* of their Times,
those,

DEDICATION.

those, whose Wisdom and Virtue render them as conspicuous as their Nobility.

I must own, the principal Advantage I proposed from the Publication of the following Poems, was the Opportunity it gave Me of testifying to the World, the Veneration I have for your Lordship's *Virtue*; or to speak more properly, those many and uncommon *Virtues*, which constitute the most amiable Character among the Nobility of this, or perhaps any other Nation.

This Character naturally calls for a Panegyric, and, if my Lord *Kildare's* Modesty were not eminent over all his other Virtues, would certainly extort it.

I am sensible, that this Declaration may well be thought to have much of the common Air and Spirit of Dedications. My Lord, I own it: Nor does it pretend to any other Distinction, than the Sincerity and Evidence of Truth.

Flattery is the common Objection to all Dedications; and yet to avoid this Imputation, it is hard to be depriv'd of the generous

DEDICATION.

rous Pleasure of praising Virtues, which, as they are not always the Attendants of *Titles*, ought rather to be publish'd for Incitements to others; for what can be more useful to the World, than to behold true Nobility more anxious to deserve Dignities, than to inherit them?

That this, my Lord, is your Maxim, your Actions sufficiently demonstrate to the World.

Your Life convinces us, that to be sincerely Religious, to be a tender Husband, Father, and Friend, a perpetual Blessing to the Distress'd, and a Lover of one's *Country*, are Perfections, which can add new Honour to the most Ancient, and Hereditary Nobility.

Your sincere Love to your *Country* has been sufficiently shewn, (to omit all other Instances) in your constant Residence among us, when the greatest Part of our *Men of Titles* were deluded into different Kingdoms, to purchase *Vanity*, at the Expence of their own Interest, and the Happiness of their *Country*.

My

DEDICATION.

My Lord, I sincerely wish that this Collection, which I most humbly offer up to your Patronage, had much more Merit to deserve it; but, such as it is, I hope it may be allow'd to avail so far, as to publish the unfeigned Regard of,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Oblig'd,

Most Obedient, and

Most Humble Servant,

MATTHEW PILKINGTON.



P R E F A C E.



Am now committing my self to the Judgment of the Public, uncertain what the Fate of these Trifles will be, which I entirely submit to their Censure; and with as little Solicitude, as a Parent sends his fav'rite Son to the Field of Battle, where it is expected he must encounter many Enemies, and many of those Enemies not half so fair as they shou'd be, but uncertain whether he is absolutely to perish, or to return loaded with Infamy or Lawrels.

It wou'd be the highest Ingratitude in me to neglect this Opportunity of publishing my Acknowledgements to those generous Persons, who have honour'd and encourag'd me with their Subscriptions; and, in Return, I must assure them, that I have been as careful as possible, in engaging my judicious Acquaintance to point out to me those Faults, which an Author is very ill qualify'd to distinguish in his own Performances; and

P R E F A C E.

that I have not spared any Industry to know my Defects, nor any Labour to amend them.

Inexpressible are the Obligations, (and unpardonable were the Folly and Humility of concealing them) which I have to the admired Doctor Swift, who condescended to peruse the following Poems with the greatest Kindness and Care, and honour'd them with his Corrections and Remarks; and I hope he will forgive me the Vanity of telling the World how much Candour, Humanity, and Accuracy of Judgment he testify'd on that Occasion.

To conclude, I shall think my self extremely happy, if my generous Encouragers have but little Reason to repent of their Kindness to me; and have no more to add but this one Declaration, that if this Miscellany (which in the common Cant of an Author, I must call the Product of a few leisure Hours,) shall happen to be disapprov'd and condemn'd by the Judicious; I hope, I shall be discreet enough to give my self little Trouble about it; being convinc'd, after the Modesty of better Examples, that if bad, all Endeavours to support it will be ineffectual; and that any Vindication of it, will at all Events, be either entirely useless, or unnecessary.

DUBLIN, Aug.

25, 1730.



To the REVEREND

Mr. MATTHEW PILKINGTON,

On the *Progress of Musick*, and his other
P O E M S.



Ebhold, the Father of poetic Fire,

Once more awakes the consecrated Lyre,

Commands his Son to touch the solemn

Chords,

And temper Wit with Art, and Sound with Words;

To tune Ierne's ancient Harp, and raise

Ausonian Music in Britannic Lays;

To melt the tender Fair, to rouse the Brave,

To glad the Gay, and entertain the Grave.

Victorious Rome, her tow'ring Eagles bore
Over Britannia to th' Atlantic Shore;
Her deathless Warriors in pursuit of Fame,
Fir'd with the Glory of the Latian Name,
Far as they shook their Spears, or wing'd their Darts,
What they destroy'd by Arms, repair'd by Arts:
Ierne then unciviliz'd and rude
Remain'd — Ierne was not then subdu'd:
But now by Britain, and by Time encreas'd,
Her Manners brighten where her Triumphs ceas'd;
The God of Numbers, and the God of Light
Rescues our Poets from the Shades of Night,
Tbro' Northern Climes his Glance divine displays,
Ripens our Judgment, and sublimes our Lays.

*As in a finish'd Picture, something new
 Is still presented to the second View,
 Some Master-strokes of Art, which duly raise
 Fresh Funds of Wonder, and Reserves of Praise;
 So in thy Poems exquisitely wrought,
 With all the Charms of Art, and Strength of Thought,
 New Beauties still the ravish'd Fancy strike,
 And still the more we read, the more we like.
 Such are the various Beauties of thy Song,
 Soft as Anacreon, and as Pindar strong :
 Whether in lofty Notes you touch the Strings,
 The Hill re-echoes, and the Valley rings ;
 Or tune in gentler Lays the breathing Lyre,
 The Nymphs are ravish'd, and the Swains admire :*

Apollo kindles the superior Flame,

And all the Sisters animate the Theme :

Pluck'd from the sacred Grove, the Laurel-Bough

Adorns thy Verse, nor withers on thy Brow;

The boasted Glories of the mighty Nine,

Blest Bard! are all epitomiz'd in thine.

Thus from their Parent Orb, for ever bright,

The streaming Rays of first-created Light,

Diffusely scatter'd thro' our Hemisphere,

Descending sicken in the grosser Air;

But call'd by Newton's Glass, the various Seeds

Are still attract'd, as the Focus feeds;

'Till all the Particles collected shine,

And, blazing, prove their Origin divine.

But

(xiii)

*But yet, undaunted Youth, tho' fond to raise,
By honourable Means, immortal Praise,
Yet, yet suspect from thy triumphal Car,
The Shocks of Envy, and the critic War :
Reflect upon the public Poet's Curse,
Of wedding Fame for better or for worse.
Be not transported with the sudden Blast
Of Praise, which flutters now, and now is past,
In Censure or Applause be still the same,
Nor sacrifice thy Quiet to thy Fame.
Whoever Bard or Patriot will commence,
Must serve the Public at his own Expence.
See Pope and Gay, (nor yet the World asham'd !)
This unrewarded, and the other blam'd !
Lo ! sprightly Prior in the Dust prophan'd,
And the chaste Urn by Hands polluted stain'd :*

*Great Milton, whose exalted Muse cou'd rise
 Alone, to speak the Language of the Skies,
 Cou'd scarce receive for all his Book of Fame,
 What the disdainful Muse relents to name.
 O! ever-injur'd Bard! ungrateful Age!
 How great the Worth of his illumin'd Page!
 May you, like him, enrich your native Isle
 With Thought sublime, and Majesty of Stile,
 In Art and Nature equally compleat,
 Like him excel — but meet a nobler Fate.*

July 22, 1730.

WILLIAM DUNKIN.

T H E






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THE
PROGRESS of MUSICK
IN
IRELAND.
TO
MIRA.

~~~~~

Μουσικήν δ' ἄρα  
Ἐρως διδάσκει, πᾶν ἄμυστον ἦν τὸ πρῶτον.

Eurip. Sthenobœa.

~~~~~



Y thee enjoyn'd th' obsequious *Muse* obeys,

Yet trembling, dreads the Danger she

surveys,

B

But

But vain are Infant Fears, I plead in vain,
 The Task too Noble, too Sublime the Strain,
 The *Fancy's* wing'd, and springs to bolder Flights,
 When *Beauty* bids, and *Harmony* invites;
 For each, our Passions pleasingly controuls;
Love's but the purer Harmony of Souls:
 Musick and Love the savage World refin'd,
 Reform'd the Manners, while they rais'd the
 Mind,
 Gave Man a Foretaste of the Joys above;
 For what is Heav'n but *Harmony* and *Love*?

Hibernia long beheld, with Sorrow fill'd,
 Her Poets and her Sons in Arts unskill'd:
 Sons! dead to Fame, nor comely to the Sight,
 Their Customs wild, their Manners unpolite;

Nor



Nor yet could *Musick* boast persuasive Charms,
 To tempt one sprightly Genius to her Arms :
 The *Muse*, in mournful Pomp, laments her Case,
 Pale Grief and Anguish painted in her Face ;
 To lonely Woods retire the tuneful Throng,
 Uncharm'd by Sound, and negligent of Song :
 The silent *Lark* forgets to wake the Dawn
 With early Song, suspended o'er the Lawn,
 On Earth he pines, and droops his useless Wings
 With dumb Concern, and neither Soars nor Sings.

At length a *Swain*, long tortur'd with Despair,
 The Scorn of some inexorable Fair,
 Haunted each Grove, each dark Retreat of
 Grief,

Bereft of Ease, and hopeless of Relief ;

Nightly he heard sad *Philomel* complain,
 And wish'd to copy so divine a Strain,
 So clear, so soft the plaintive Warbler sung,
 The Groves, and Hills with plaintive *Echoes* rung.
 Her Notes so mournfully melodious flow,
 They calm his Soul, and mitigate his Woe,
 Distressful Passion both alike bewail,
 He sighs his Grief, she chants her piteous Tale.

Fain would he Sing; his Voice was still suppress'd
 By swelling Sighs, which struggled from his Breast.
 Despair, whose Sting can haughtiest Minds controul,

Unstrings his Nerves, and quite unmans his Soul,
 Breaths a wild Horror into ev'ry Part,
 Restrains his Tongue, and preys upon his Heart.

But

But near the Grove, where comfortless he lies,
 The spiky Reeds in waving Clusters rise,
 He models one, and his Invention tires,
 Varying its Form as Art or Chance inspires:
 Then gives it Breath to sing: With gentle Mirth
 It strikes the Ear, as conscious of its Birth.
 With sharpen'd Steel he lanc'd its tender Skin,
 In Order rang'd the op'ning Wounds are seen,
 Wounds ! less than he receiv'd, with piercing
 Smart,
 In that soft Instrument of Love, the *Heart*:
 To these his active Fingers he applies,
 Which bid the changing *Musick* fall, and rise,
 While in the Road of *Harmony* they guide
 Each infant Sound, and o'er the Notes preside.

But

But o'er his Airs a gloomy Sorrow hung ;
 For still he lov'd, and Love distress'd he sung,
 His Heart in ev'ry Accent seem'd to bleed,
 And Grief harmonious trembled from the Reed.

And still the Tenor of *Hibernian* Strains,
 Those pleasing Labours of enamour'd Swains,
 From his a melancholly Turn receive,
 The Airs are moving, and the Numbers grieve.

Musick thus wak'd to Life, fair Child of Love !
 Time's rip'ning Touch, and growing Arts improve,
 While to the feeble Voice of slender Reeds,
 The manlier Musick of the *Fife* succeeds.
 Alike in Form, but of a larger Mold,
 More durable its Frame, its Tone more bold ;

Now

Now lively Numbers, born on willing Gales,
 Flow to the Hills, and echo in the Vales;
 The rural Throng now chearful croud around,
 And catch, enamour'd, the inspiring Sound,
 They walk and move with correspondent Mien,
 And Dance exulting on the level Green:
 No Secret now the raptur'd Heart conceals,
 The conscious Maid her hidden Flames reveals,
 In glowing Blushes on her Cheeks they rise,
 Burst from her Tongue, and kindle in her Eyes.

But secret Pleasures once disclos'd to Sight,
 Give Birth to fresh Successions of Delight.
 On Objects new the restless Fancy strays,
 And wantons in the Search of nobler Lays.

Extended Strings at length Experience found,
 Start at the Touch, and tremble into Sound;
 Of which a Vocal Multitude conspire,
 In shining Order plac'd to form the *Lyre*:
 And thus the Strings, as in a Choir combin'd,
 Have each their Parts of Harmony assign'd:
 Some heavenly Sounds transportingly create,
 Like *Echo* some the heav'nly Sounds repeat,
 Those plac'd above, rejoice in sprightly Tones,
 Below the rough, hoarse *Base*, responsive, groans.

If the judicious Artist bids them play,
 The dancing Chords in silver Sounds obey;
 But struck with Hands unskill'd, they spring to
 War,
 Hiss out their Rage, and in harsh Discords jar.

Musick

Music henceforward more Domestick grew,
 Courts the throng'd Towns, and from the Plains
 withdrew :

The Vagrant * *Bard* his circling Visits pays,
 And charms the Villages with venal Lays.
 The solemn *Harp*, beneath his Shoulder plac'd,
 With both his Arms is earnestly embrac'd,
 Sweetly irregular, now swift, now slow,
 With soft Variety his Numbers flow,
 The shrill, the deep, the gentle, and the strong,
 With pleasing Dissonance adorn his Song;
 While thro' the Chords his Hands unweary'd range,
 The Music changing as his Fingers change.

* *Carulan.*

The Crowd transported in Attention hung,
 Their Breath in Silence sleeps upon the Tongue,
 The *Wheels* forget to turn, the Labours cease,
 And ev'ry Sound but *Music* sinks to Peace.
 So when the *Thracian* charm'd the Shades below,
 And brought down Raptures to the Realms of Woe,
 Despairing Ghosts from Labour stand releas'd,
 Each Wheel, each Instrument of Torture ceas'd;
 The *Furies* drop their Whips, afflictive Pain
 Suspends, with ghastly Smiles, her Iron Reign,
 All Groans were still'd, all Sorrow lull'd to Rest,
 And ev'ry Care was hush'd in ev'ry Breast.

Joy spreads her Wings o'er all the raptur'd *Isle*,
 And bids each Face be brighten'd to a Smile.

Now

Now Nature, pleas'd, her Gifts profusely pours,
 To paint the chearful Earth with od'rous Flow'rs,
 So chang'd a Scene she wonders to survey,
 And bids ev'n Things inanimate look gay.

The *Muses* now from *Albion's Isle* retreat,
 And here with kind Indulgence fix their Seat:
 Then *Viner* rose, with all their Warmth inspir'd,
 A Bard carefs'd by all, by all admir'd;
 He choral Strings, in sleepy Silence bound,
 Touch'd into Voice, and waken'd into Sound;
 Then taught those Sounds to flow with easy Art,
 To wooe the Soul, and glide into the Heart,
 In Notes, untry'd before, his Fancy drest,
 And bid new Transports rise in ev'ry Breast.

While round in Crowds the fair Creation stand,
 The polish'd *Viol* trembling in his Hand,
 While swift as Thought, from Note to Note he
 springs,
 Flies o'er th' unerring Tones, and sweeps the found-
 ing Strings,
 The Old, the Young, the Serious, and the Gay,
 With ravish'd Ears devour the 'witching Lay;
 The *Lover's* Eyes now languishingly roll,
 And speak the Dictates of the raptur'd Soul;
Foes, in whose Breasts the wildest Passion strove,
 Forget their Rage, and soften into Love:
 The prideful *Beauty*, feels with new Surprise
 Her Bosom swell, and wonders why she sighs,
 Each Passion acts as he affects the Heart,
 And Nature answers ev'ry stroke of Art.

But

But now refin'd *Hibernia's* ravish'd Throng,
 With Wonder dwell on *Nicolini's* Song,
 Whose warbling Voice and tuneful Tongue dispense,
 The blended Harmony of Sound and Sense:
 With these he knew the list'ning Soul to charm,
 And ev'ry Torment of its Sting disarm,
 Cou'd calm the harsh disturber *Care*, to Ease,
 With Fear delight us, and with Sorrow please;
 Cou'd warm the kindling Soul with am'rous Fire,
 And Raptures, which he never felt, inspire.

While *Music* thus its native Beauty shows,
 And from its living Spring delightful flows,
 How does it raise! how gladden ev'ry Heart!
 How far transcend the mimic Voice of *Art*!

So,

So, when *Belinda's* heav'nly Beauties stand,
 Wrought into Life by *Kneller's* magic Hand,
 Her Face, her Shape, have all that *Art* can give,
 Start from the animated Paint, and Live ;
 But, when the real Nymph, divinely bright,
 Array'd in native Lustre, strikes our Sight,
 Some nameless Transport in our Bosom plays,
 That Shade and Colour want the Force to raise.

Dubourg next sways the Soul with nicest Art,
 And binds in airy Chains the captive Heart,
 While from the vocal Strings, and shifting *Bow*,
 At his nice Touch th' obsequious Numbers flow.
 With easy Toil he swells the Notes aloud,
 Now on the Ear precipitant they croud,

Now,

Now, scarcely heard, they gradually decay,
 And with melodious *Cadence* waste away,
 While at his melting Falls, and dying Notes,
 Around the Heart the liquid Rapture floats.

With martial Ardour if he boldly warms,
 The animated *Hero* pants for Arms,
 With guiltless Rage th' impetuous Spirit glows,
 And prostrates *Legions* of imagin'd Foes.

But if to Mirth a sprightly Strain inclines,
 With Humour fraught his quick'ning Genius
 shines,

Then smiling Joys thro' ev'ry Aspect fly,
 Glow in the Lips, and wanton in the Eye.

Next

Next *Bocchi* reigns, whom Art and Nature grace
 To smoothe the Roughness of the fullen *Base*,
 Directs his Notes distinct to rise or fall,
 Tries ev'ry *Tone* to charm, and charms in all.

Th' awaken'd *Muse* thus rises, thus refines,
 Improves with *Time*, and in Perfection shines ;
 The first rude Lays are now but meanly priz'd,
 As rude, neglected, as untun'd, despis'd :
 Dead —— (in Esteem too dead) the *Bards* that
 fung,
 The *Fife* neglected, and the *Harp* unstrung.

So when the *Thrush* exalts his chearful Throat,
 To glad the Fields with many an artless Note,

With

With rude Delight the List'ner's Breast he warms,
 Wild tho' he sings, his sylvan Wildness charms;
 But if the warbling *Nightingale* prepares
 Her softer Voice, that melts with thrilling Airs,
 The Winds are hush'd, still Silence reigns around,
 And list'ning *Echo* dwells upon the Sound;
 Harsh seem the Strains which gave Delight before,
 And far excell'd, those Strains delight no more.

The pausing *Muse* now shuts her vent'rous Wings,
 And, anxious of Success, distrustful sings;
 O! might her Lays to thy Esteem succeed,
 For whom she tun'd her artless Voice and Reed,
 Thy Smiles would swell her Heart with honest Pride,
 Approv'd by thee she scorns the World beside.



A N
HYMN to SLEEP.

Set to MUSICK by Mr. LORENZO BOCCHI.

I.

GOD of Sleep, for whom I languish,
God of Golden Dreams and Peace,

Gently sooth a Lover's Anguish,

Help to make his Tortures cease :

Spread

Spread thy sacred Pinions o'er me,

Lull the busy Soul to rest,

Then, bring her I love before me,

She that's painted in my Breast.

II.

If kind as fair, my Prize I'll keep,

And, great as *Jove*, the World forsake;

Let me, thus blest'd, for ever sleep,

And lye, and dream, and never wake;

But, should the Fair, divinely bright,

Reject my Vows, and scorn my Flame,

Fly, fly, kind Sleep, restore the Light,

Let *Strephon* see 'twas all a Dream.



LUSUS PILÆ AMATORIIUS
Ex Nive coacta.

Epigramma PETRONII AFFRANII.

ME nive candenti petiit modo *Julia*, rebar
Igne carere nivem, nix tamen ignis erat.
Quid nive frigidius? Pectus tamen urere
nostrum

Nix potuit, manibus, *Julia*, missa tuis.
Quis Locus infidiis dabitur mihi tutus amoris,
Frigore concreta si latet ignis aqua?
Julia, sola potes nostras extinguere flammæ;
Non nive, non glacie, sed potes igne pari.

The Same translated.

FROM *Julia's* Hand a *Snow-Ball* came,
I thought it Ice, but felt it Flame:
See! as the harden'd Fleece she throws,
The Substance kindles as it goes,

Forgets

Forgets its native Cold, when press'd
By her soft Hand, and burns my Breast.

Where safe from Love shall I retire,
If *Snow* contains a latent Fire?
Julia, thy Love alone can ease
Our Pains, and quench the Fires you raise.



To *MIRA*. A Pastoral POEM.

O *Mira*, fair as early Day,
More chearing than the sunny Ray,
Not all the Beauties Nature yields,
To scent the Lawn, or grace the Fields,
Not gawdy *Finch*, with gilded Wing,
Nor warbling *Larks* that Soar and Sing,

Nor

Nor cooling Seat in vaulted Bow'rs,
 Nor Fragrance breath'd from op'ning Flow'rs,
 Nor Fall of Streams, nor lonely Walks,
 Where unsubstantial *Echo* talks,
 Nor bleating Flocks, nor grassy Downs,
 Nor filken Maids retir'd from Towns,
 Not these have Charms, whene'er we part,
 To kindle Pleasure in my Heart.

Thus, mourns the thrifty glist'ning *Bee*,
 For absent Sun, and droops like me :
 Nor prunes his gawdy Wings to fly,
 Where Flow'rs, in gay Confusion, lye ;
 Nor Sweetness sips from Blossoms fair,
 Nor sportive skims thro' Fields of Air ;

Nature,

Nature, too poor to sooth its Pain,
 Spreads all her Store of Sweets in vain,
 That single Blessing unpossess't
 Of all their Relish robs the rest.



MIRA and *COLIN*. A SONG.

I.

THE Morn was fair, the Sky serene,
 The Face of Nature smil'd,
 Soft Dews impearl'd the tufted Plain,
 And Daisy-painted *Wild*:
 The Hills were gilded by the Sun,
 Sweet breath'd the vernal Air,
 Her early Hymn the *Lark* begun
 To sooth the Shepherd's Care.

II. When

II.

When *Mira* fair, and *Colin* gay,

Both fam'd for faithful Love,

Delighted with the rising Day,

Together sought the Grove:

And near a smooth translucent Stream

That silent stole along,

Thus *Colin* to his matchless Dame

Address'd the tender Song.

III.

Hark! *Mira*, how from yonder Tree

The feather'd Warblers sing,

They tune their artless Notes for thee,

For thee, more sweet than Spring:

How choice a Fragrance thro' the Air

Those Spring-born Blossoms shed,

How

How seems that Vi'let proud to rear
Its purple-tinctur'd Head !

IV.

Ah ! *Mira*, had the tuneful Race
Thy Heart-bewitching Tongue,
Who would not fondly haunt the Place,
Enamour'd while they sung ?
Ye Flow'rs, on *Mira's* Bosom prest,
Ne'er held ye Place so fair,
Tho' oft ye breathe on *Venus'* Breast,
And scent the *Graces* Hair.

V.

Shall I to Gems compare thine Eyes,
Thy Skin to Virgin Snows,
Thy balmy Breath, to Gales that rise
From ev'ry new-blown *Rose* ?

E

Ah,

Ah, Nymph! so far thy Charms outshine

The fairest Forms we see,

We only guess at Things divine

By what appears in *Thee*.

VI.

'Twas thus enamour'd *Colin* sung,

His Love-excited Lays,

The Grove with tender Ecchoes rung,

Resounding *Mira's* Praise :

And thus cries *Love*, who sported near,

And wav'd his filken Wings,

What Wonder, since the *Nymph's* so fair,

So fond the *Shepherd* sings.



The B E E.

In tenui Labor.

VIRG.

TO yonder newly-open'd *Rosé*,
Whose Leaves the Morning's Blush disclose,
How swift that prudent *Insect* flies,
Who oft in Beds of Fragrance lies ;
And now the dewy Drop devours
That soft impearls the blowing Flow'rs!
He now on Wings of *Zephyrs* rides,
Then, smooth in airy Circles glides,
And tastes whatever *Nature* yields
In fragrant Gardens, Groves or Fields.

That Vi'let Bank —, how sweet it smells!
 How long on ev'ry Bloom he dwells —!
 The *Primrose* now he makes his Prey,
 And steals the *Cowslip's* Sweets away,

Cease —, artful Plund'rer —, spoil no more
 These Blossoms of their balmy Store,
 Which Nature taught them to produce,
 For nobler *Man's* Delight and Use:
 Nay —, rather Plunder — since we find
 No Traces of the Theft behind.

But now, why nimbly do'st thou rise,
 And lightly skim before my Eyes?

And

And why thy tender Pinions spread,
 To hum, and wanton round my Head?
 What swells thy little Heart to Rage?
 Rash *Fool* ! what prompts thee to engage
 With Man, so far surpassing thee?
 Why do'st thou whet thy Sting at Me?
 When thou in *Woodbine* Bow'rs did'st play,
 Or in the *Rose* embosom'd lay,
 Or thro' the scented Alleys flew
 Where Vi'lets breath'd, or Lillies grew,
 Did I thy harmless Joys molest?
 Did I with Terror fill thy Breast?
 Did e'er I chase thee round the Bow'r
 For Sweets, the Spoils of many a Flow'r?
 And wilt thou, vain, ungrateful Thing!
 At me direct thy poyson'd *Sting*?

Fly

Fly hence — to lonely Defarts fly —,
 And wilt thou still persist —, then die —,
 And now, thy filken *Wings* I seize,
 These filken *Wings* no more shall teize,
 Nor shall they, smooth thy Body bear
 Along the Bosom of the Air;
 But thus —, torn off —, thro' Tempests go,
 The Sport of all the Winds that blow:
 And next, thy *Head* shall cease to cleave
 To thee, so indiscreetly brave:
 The Sting, that wont to give us Pain,
 I thus —, for ever render vain,
 And thou a nameless Carcase art,
 Despoil'd of ev'ry harmful Part.

'Tis done —, and now methinks I find
 Compassion working in my Mind;
 A tender Pity swells my Breast,
 Too late, alas! to thee exprest:
 These Eyes which Death's cold Hand hath seal'd,
 How dim they seem! with Darknes veil'd!
 These Limbs, which knew to form so well,
 With curious Art the waxen Cell,
 And there reserve its Treasures rare,
 That might with *Hybla's* Sweets compare,
 Now stiff —, there piteous Object lie,
 O Life! how swiftly dost thou fly!

A Moment since, and thou cou'dst rove
 Thro' Orchard, Meadow, Lawn, or Grove,

Delighted

Delighted in the Sunshine play,
 And float along the lucid Ray ;
 Or skim the dimply Stream, and roam
 Far distant from thy Straw-built Home ;
 Yet now thy little *Spirit's* fled,
 And thou art number'd with the Dead ;
 Alas! how small a Space supplies
 The *Insect*, and the *King* that dies!

By so severe, so hard a Fate,
 Was *Pompey* stripp'd of all his State,
 Like thee a headless Corse was made,
 No Sigh, no Tear, no Honour paid.

Forgive, ah gentle *Shade*, forgive
 That Hand, by which you cease to live ;

That Hand shall soon a Tomb prepare,
 And place your injur'd Body there;
 That Hand the sweetest Flow'rs shall bring,
 The lov'liest Daughters of the *Spring*,
 The *Pancy* gay, the *Vi'let* blue,
 And *Roses* of celestial Hue,
Carnations sweet, of various dye,
 And *Tulips*, form'd to please the Eye,
 And ev'ry fragrant op'ning Bloom,
 Shall breathe its Odours round thy Tomb:
 And I, too conscious of my Crime,
 Shall make thee live to future Time.





To Mr. ——— on seeing a Friend's
PICTURE of his PAINTING.

SAY —, whence can *Paint* assume such Grace
To animate the mimick Face ?

That Face, where all that's good and wise
Starts into Life, and strikes our Eyes ;
And where, by thy creative *Art*,
Those *Graces* shine that deck his Heart.

Here Fortitude and Friendship shine
Confest, in ev'ry living Line,
Here breathes *Philisophy* — ; and there
A calm, inspir'd, exalted Air,

Like

Like *Homer* when his Lyre he strung,
 And *Iliad*'s Woes divinely sung;
 Or *Maro* when in lofty Lays
 He hymn'd his *Pollio*'s golden Days.

Let others boast the Skill, to trace
 Some faint Resemblance of the Face,
 But you the pow'rful Magic know
 Distinct the secret Soul to show ;
 In thee that Excellence we find
 At once to paint the *Face* and *Mind*.





The Lost MUSE.

C LIO, the sweetest *Muse* of nine
 Who charm the Gods with Lays divine,
 Private and unperceiv'd withdrew,
 And swift from sacred *Pindus* flew,
 On some exalted Project bent,
 But told no Creature her Intent.

The God of *Numbers* heard it said,
 His fav'rite, sweet-tongu'd *Muse* was fled,
 And he had oft observ'd of late
 That she was absent from her Seat,

When

When all her tuneful Sister-Train
Were forming some immortal Strain.

He us'd to fend her, now and then,
With Hints to some peculiar Men,
To *Pope*, *Delany*, *Gay*, or *Swift*,
But now he cou'd not guess her Drift,
And wonders much, that she wou'd venture
To visit *Bards*, except he sent her;
So half-provok'd away he flies,
Takes *Hermes* with him in Disguise,
Resolv'd to roam the World around,
Till *Clio's* private Haunt is found,

The Gods, impatient of Delay,
To fam'd *Eblana* wing their Way,

And

And prudent, first at *Swift's* descend,
Apollo's best regarded Friend,
 And whom the God of Verse and Wit,
 Inspir'd in ev'ry Line he writ;
 There might they hope their Prize to gain
 Where ev'ry *Muse* delights to reign;
 But she, to execute her Scheme,
 Had left him just before they came.

Quick as descending Rays of Light,
 To *Delville* next they take their Flight:
Delville, where all the *Wise* resort,
 Where oft the *Muses* keep their Court;
 And veil'd from ev'ry mortal Eye
 Thro' all the *Doctor's* Rooms they pry,

They search his arbour'd Seats and Garden,

(Fit Place to find a *Muse* or *Bard* in:)

Then turn'd his Papers o'er with Care,

And plainly found she had been there,

Such Learning, Elegance and Ease,

Appear in all *Delany's* Lays,

Such Beauties in his Numbers shine,

As prove their Origin divine.

With these their Disappointments vex'd,

They fly to fair *Saphira's* next,

And found her forming into Rhime

A Thought exalted and sublime,

Perceiv'd such Excellence and Wit,

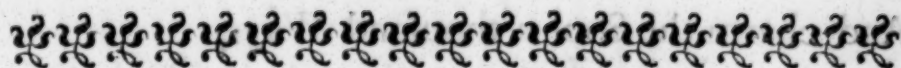
Such Charms in all she spoke and writ,

As

They

As soon convinc'd their wond'ring Eyes,
 The *Muse* was with her in Disguise,
 And fond the rising Age to bleis,
 Assum'd a *mortal* Form and Dress.

The *God* delighted, calms his Rage,
 And cries, there live to charm the Age,
 Be thou a gay inspiring Guest,
 And fill with soft Delights her Breast;
 That Breast with all that's good replete;
 But, *Clio*, this will be thy Fate,
 Thou shalt contrive the deathless Lays,
 But see *Saphira* win the Praise.



The INVITATION.

To Dr. DELANY at Delville, MDCCXXIX.

Excepto quod non simul esses, cætera lætus.

WHILE you, dear *Friend*, exempt from
Care,

Delight to breathe the rural Air,

Where *Nature* pours her best Perfumes

From fragrant Flow'rs, and op'ning Blooms,

While you, with Gardens, Groves and Plains,

And various Eye-bewitching Scenes,

Contrive politely how to please,
 And charm the Soul a thousand Ways,
 I wish —, nor let my Wish be vain,
 To tempt you back to Town again.

'Twere Condescension great in thee
 To quit such Joys to pleasure me,
 For here no stately Dome have I,
 No Scenes to charm the roving Eye,
 No Gardens fair, no Fields to roam,
 Nor half the Sweets you find at Home :
 Yet if gay *Ovid* sings aright,
 The Gods themselves wou'd oft delight,
 Ev'n *Hermes* and *Apollo* too,
 (Both rival'd in their Arts by you,

Whether in Lays sublime you shine,

Or act the Orator Divine :)

These Gods, I say, wou'd now and then

Descend, to visit humble Men.

Oft is it pleasing to the *Great*

To live forgetful of their State,

To leave Abundance, and unbend

Their Minds with some inferior Friend,

Where blest with Health, and homely Fare,

They quaff Delight, and smile at Care,

And find that in an humble Cell,

Mirth, Innocence, and Peace can dwell.

Oft in a *Toyshop* have you seen

A gawdy-painted, small Machine,

Where Man and Wife are plac'd together,
 To tell by turns the Change of Weather ;
 No *Simile* could half so well
 Describe the House in which I dwell.

O! wou'd some *Zephyr* waft, with Care,
 My House and Garden thro' the Air,
 To Lands encircled by the Main,
 Where *Lilliputian* Monarchs reign,
 How wou'd it glad my Heart to see
 Whole Nations — somewhat less than me ?
 My House wou'd then a Palace rise,
 And *Kings* with Envy view my Size.

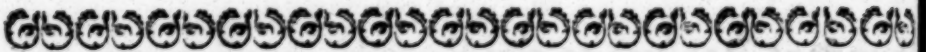
O thou, by ev'ry *Muse* inspir'd,
 By ev'ry gen'rous Soul admir'd,

A while forfake the fylvan Scene,
 And with the *Graces* in thy Train,
 Descend to make my Joys compleat,
 And with thy Prefence blefs my Seat :
 For thy enliv'ning Converfe lends
 Abundant Rapture to thy Friends,
 Thy Words, exprefs'd with graceful Art,
 Improve the Head, and mend the Heart.

The more we know thee, ftill we find
 Some new Perfections in thy Mind,
 A rich, inestimable Store
 Of Virtues, unperceiv'd before,

Thus o'er the Vault of Heav'n by Night,
 We fee a thoufand *Orbs* of Light,

But when with nicer View we trace
 That bright, interminable Space,
 New Worlds of Glory there we spy,
 That 'scap'd at first the wond'ring Eye.



The G I R D L E.

I.

IN Slumber sweet as *Venus* lay
 Within a fragrant Myrtle Grove,
 Where odour-breathing *Zephyrs* play,
 There wily *Cupid* chanc'd to rove.

II.

Surpriz'd, he sees the Goddess there
 Alone, and calmly lull'd to Rest,

With

With loofen'd *Zone*, and golden Hair,
Soft-waving o'er her snowy Breast.

III.

This Love-creating *Zone*, he cries,
Shall now diviner *Cart'ret* grace,
Shall give new Lustre to her Eyes,
And spread new Beauty o'er her Face.

IV.

The *Girdle* seiz'd, and *Cupid* flown,
From Sleep arose the Queen of *Love*,
She miss'd her Beauty-giving *Zone*,
And fought it, anxious, thro' the Grove.

V.

This Loss will all my Charms destroy,
She cries, and O I fear —, my Son

To give some fav'rite *Female* Joy,
Hath all his Parent's Pow'r undone.

VI.

To search him out, she speeds away
From Place to Place, with eager Haste,
And spies him, full of Mirth and Play,
At beauteous *Cart'ret's* Toilet plac'd.

VII.

The *Fair*, such Charms possess'd before
As ne'er in mortal Form were seen,
The *Girdle* adds a thousand more,
By which she rivals Beauty's *Queen*.

VIII.

In *Cart'ret's* Face such *Graces* smil'd,
The Goddess looks away her Rage,

I'm pleas'd, she cries, since thus beguil'd,

To show *Perfection* to the Age.



To *MIRA*, with the MISCELLANEOUS
WORKS of Mr. *POPE*.

M^I*R A*, to thee the fondest of thy Friends
With these soft Works his softest Wishes
sends,

Works, form'd with Grandeur, Majesty, and Art,
To raise the Mind, and to delight the Heart,
Sublimely soft, and nervous tho' with Ease,
Inspir'd with ev'ry Excellence to please,
The Pow'r of *Numbers* governing the whole,
Enchants the Ear, and mixes with the Soul.

To give some fav'rite *Female* Joy,
Hath all his Parent's Pow'r undone.

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Inspir'd with ev'ry Excellence to please,

The Pow'r of *Numbers* governing the whole,

Enchants the Ear, and mixes with the Soul.

If *Windsor's* sacred Forest be his Theme,
Windsor delights us as a golden Dream,
 Sweet are its Lawns and Groves in Fancy seen,
 With bloomy Sprays, and ever-living Green,
 The *Mind*, transported with his Scenes, he leads
 O'er Hills, or Vales, or Flow'r-embellish'd Meads,
 From him new Charms inspiring *Windsor* gains,
 And smiles with Bloom eternal in his Strains.

If *Pope* describes the Youth prepar'd to chace,
 With wing'd Pursuit, the frighted sylvan Race,
 To wind the vocal Horn, while Hills resound,
 And urge the rapid *Steed* to skim the Ground,
 Th' impatient *Fancy*, wing'd with equal Speed,
 Flies o'er the Lawns, and stretches with the *Steed*.

When

When whelm'd in Grief fond *Eloisa* lies,
 With kind Concern we feel our Bosoms rise,
 So just, so lively are her Woes exprest,
 A strong Compassion throbs in ev'ry Breast,
 In ev'ry Sigh, in ev'ry Pang we share,
 Bleed at her Wounds, and number Tear for Tear,

To some lone *Cell* when mournful she retires,
 To breathe those Sighs, which Solitude inspires,
 Who on a Tomb can see the Mourner spread,
 (The dreary Lodgment of the silent Dead,)
 Where Damps unwholsome taint the purer Air,
 With not one Friend to soften her Despair,
 Who sees unmov'd the Soul-distressing Scene,
 Who reads her Woes, and feels not all her Pain?

Her Grief enliven'd by the *Poet's* Art,
 With ev'ry kind Emotion sways the Heart.

When loftier Lines describe the peaceful Age,
 And God *Messiah* swells the sacred Page,
 How bold! how rais'd his Sentiments appear!
 How justly temper'd with an hallow'd Fear!
 How is the *Bard* with heav'nly Raptures fir'd!
 How, praising *God!* by *God* himself inspir'd!

Messiah born! O sing *Messiah's* Reign!
 When teeming *Plenty* loads the fruitful Plain:
 O smile ye Fields! ye Vallies laugh and sing!
 Rejoyce thou *Sion!* *Salem* greet thy King!
 Ye Clouds, your Fatness on the Earth distill!
 Ye feather'd People hymn from ev'ry Hill!

To blefs the Earth a *God*, a *God* descends,
 Whose Wisdom guides, whose Providence defends.

O, cou'd I flow in *Cowley's* easy Vein,
 Or boast the gentle *Granville's* softer Strain,
 Cou'd I aspire to *Pope's* sublimer Stile,
 (The nobler *Homer* of the *British* Isle,)
 Each lively Thought shou'd, like thy Beauties,
 warm,
 And charm that *Maid* who lives the World to
 charm.





An ODE to LYCIDAS.

I.

WHY, *Lycidas*, shou'd Man be vain
If bounteous Heav'n hath made him
great,

Why look with insolent Disdain,
On those undeck't with Wealth and State?

II.

Can splendid Robes, or Beds of Down,
Or costly Gems to deck the Hair,
Can all the Glories of a *Crown*
Give Health, or smoothe the Brow of Care?

III. The

III.

The scepter'd Prince, the burden'd Slave,

The Humble and the Haughty die,

The Poor, the Rich, the Base, the Brave,

In Dust without Distinction lie.

IV.

Go, search the Tombs where *Monarchs* rest,

Who once the richest Glories wore,

Fled is that Grandeur they possess,

And all their Greatness is no more.

V.

So glides the *Meteor* thro' the Sky,

And sweeps along a gilded Train,

But when its short-liv'd Beauties die,

Diffolves to common *Air* again.



The C A N D L E.

HAIL! thou that chear'st the Face of Night,
Fair, artificial World of Light,
Whose Radiance bids the Gloom look gay,
And kindles Darkneſs into Day,
What Words thy Excellencé can praiſe,
Or paint the Beauties of thy Blaze !

The Stars that twinkle on the Eye
Thro' yon immeaſurable Sky,
A leſs Degree of Luſtre ſhow,
And leſs aſſiſt this World below.

Prometheus,

Prometheus, boldest Son of Earth,
 Was sure the Author of thy Birth,
 His Wisdom form'd thee, fit to bear
 The lucid Theft thro' Fields of Air.

When dark-ey'd *Night* enshrouds the Skies
 With Shades, and Nature silent lies,
 Pleas'd with thy gloom-dispelling Fire,
 I soon from Care and Noise retire :
 Then, fond of *Wisdom's* Charms, explore
 The ancient *Sages* golden Store,
 And grieve, to think those Sons of Fame
 Were less Immortal — than their Name.

I read old *Homer's* nervous Lines,
 Where Heav'n-born Inspiration shines :
 Great *Bard!* who knew to raise Delight
 Ev'n from the Terrors of a Fight;
 To fire the Soul with Martial Rage,
 Or give engaging Charms to *Age*,
 To sway the Heart with Hope or Fear,
 And wake the Grief-created *Tear*.

By thee, I read what *Flaccus* writ
 With boundless Elegance and Wit;
 Or what the gay *Anacreon* sung,
 Or *Sappho's* Soul-subduing Tongue :
 Or *Swift's*, or *Pope's*, or *Maro's* Lays,
 All blest with universal Praise,

By thee, the pleasing Means I find,
To brighten and improve the Mind.

But while by Thirst of Wisdom led,
I thus hold converse with the *Dead*,
Thy Beauty swift consumes away;
Alas! that fairest Forms decay!
Tho' *Helen* heav'nly Charms possessest
That spread Delight thro' ev'ry Breast,
Like thine, her Beauties cou'd not save
The fair Possessor from the Grave.

In thee, *Lætitia*, tho' we find
All Virtues that exalt the Mind;
Tho' Nature ev'ry Gift supplies,
To make thee, more than Woman, wise;

Tho' *Seraphs* hymn the Pow'r divine
 In Strains that only equal thine ;
 Tho' now with all Perfections grac't,
 As *Helen* fair, as *Cynthia* chaste,
 Yet thou, and all that's good, or great,
 Must bow to wasting Time and Fate,
 Thy sprightly Wit, thy Eyes divine
 Shall cease, — ev'n They shall cease to shine.



CORVUS. *A very common CASE.*

I.

IF e'er I marry, *Corvus* cries,
 The tender Partner of my Bed
 Must be both affable and wise,
 Divinely form'd, and nicely bred.

II. Good-

II.

Good-natur'd, witty, gay, polite,

Of Manners gentle and refin'd,

Must like divine *Saphira* write,

And boast a *Mira*'s perfect Mind.

III.

'Twas well resolv'd, a *Wife* he chose :

Sure *Corvus* is extremely blest!

Alas, a wedded Wretch he grows,

At Home perplex'd, Abroad a Jest.

IV.

Either by Wealth, or Features caught,

Those Charms that sway the senseless Crowd,

She's the Reverse of what he sought,

Grave, simple, fullen, testy, proud.

V. Like

Like * *Faustus* he expects to gain,

A fair One deck'd with heav'nly Charms,

But finds with Horror, Grief, Disdain,

A *Fury* thrust into his Arms.



C O R V U S.

Latine Redditus per GUL. DUNKIN, A. B.

ME si fata volunt vincolo sociare Jugali,
Sit conjux facilis, comis, amica, placens;

* Alluding to a fabulous Passage in the Life of *Faustus*, who was deluded by the Devil's promising him the Enjoyment of a *Helen*, but was cheated with the Person of a *Fury*.

Ingenium cui mite datur, cui splendida virtus

Et sine bile fales, & sine fraude decor:

Saphiræ jactet *Phæbum*, *Miræque* Minervam,

Nec minor igne Dei, nec minor arte Deæ.

Hæc ubi dixisset *Corvus*, præclara minatus,

Uxorem duxit: nempe beatus erit:

Ut voluit Fortuna, miser sua vincula mordet,

Bella domi patitur, Ludibriumque foris.

Seu scelerata fames auri, seu forma, profanum;

Quæque movent vulgus, te quoque, *Corve*, movent.

Illa viri votis contraria vota rependit,

Iracunda, gravis, dura, superba, rudis:

Haud secus in scena, misero damnatus amori,

Divinæ *Faustus* virginis ora manet:

Ast dum Tyndarides collo dare brachia circum

Ardet, in amplexus sæva *Megæra* ruit.



The FLEA. Inscrib'd to N. P—, Esq;

LITTLE Hind'rer of my Rest,
 Thus I tear thee from my Breast,
 Bosom Traytor! pinching Harm!
 Wounding me who kept thee warm!
 Thro' my Skin thou scatter'st Pains,
 Crimson'd o'er with circling Stains.

Skiping *Mischief*! swift as Thought!
 Sanguine *Insect*! — art thou caught!
 Nought avail thy nimble Springs,
 Caus'd perhaps by viewless Wings;

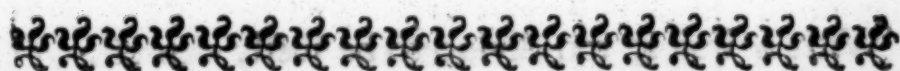
Thou

Those thy Teeth that cheat our Sight

Cease their titillating Bite,

I, from all thy Vengeance freed,

Safe shall sleep, and cease to bleed.



To FULVIA *Singing.*

I.

THO' *Time* on the Features of *Fulvia* hath
fed,

And mow'd down the Roses that bloom'd in her
Face,

Tho' the Pale in her Cheeks hath supplanted the Red,
And her Beauties to Wrinkles and Horror give
Place.

K

II. Yet

II.

Yet *Fulvia* in spight of her Person and Age,
 Well-suited to chill the most amorous Breast,
 While she tortures our Sight, she our Ears can en-
 gage,
 With a Voice, too divine to be justly exprest.

III.

So *Fiddles*, with Vermin and Time half-decay'd,
 Discolour'd, and rotten, and dusty, and foul,
 If touch'd into Voice, are surprizingly made
 To emit such a Sound, as may ravish the Soul.





The CONSTANT SHEPHERD.

Felices ter & amplius

Quos irrupta tenet copula!

HOR.

COME hither, *Mira*, while the Sun
Prepares his radiant Course to run,
Come fit, my fair one, always gay,
Inspirer of the tender Lay,
On yonder Bank with *Vi'lets* crown'd,
And *Cowslips* breathing Sweets around,
And listen, kind, while I impart
What Fondness dictates to my Heart.

To me how beautiful appear
 All *Nature's* Works, when thou art near!
 Sweet glides the mazy Stream along,
 And sweetly sounds the *Thrush's* Song,
 With added Charms the Flow'rs display
 Their Beauties, op'ning to the Day;
 But *Mira* gone — my Pleasures fly,
 The Stream unheeded wanders by,
 The Birds, methinks, discordant sing,
 And cheerless breathe the Sweets of *Spring*:
 'Tis she that charms, and makes with Ease
 Each varying Scene, and Object please.

Be ever prais'd that Pow'r divine,
And blest the Hour that made thee mine.

When others I with thee compare,
 Thou seem'st more virtuous, wise, and fair,
 And pleas'd, I see thee far outshine
 Thy Sex with Excellence divine.

Belinda boasts a beauteous Face,
 She wants no Eye-engaging Grace,
 Yet search *Belinda's* Mind with Care,
 You'll find no Charms to strike you there.

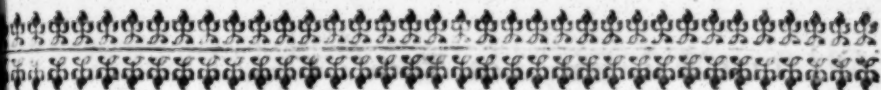
In *Laura* Wit and Humour reign,
 But *Laura's* peevish, proud and vain,
 Devour'd with Spleen, perverse, and prone
 To scorn all Judgments — but her own.

But,

But, *Mira!* each superior Grace
 Adorns thy Soul, and decks thy Face:
 Both form'd so fair, not *Envy's* Eye
 Can one Defect or Blemish spy,
 Ev'n *Virtue's* self wou'd Mankind see,
 Their wond'ring Eyes must fix on thee.

May *Heav'n*, to crown my Life with Joy,
 For thee its guardian Care employ,
 And ev'ry swiftly-circling *Hour*
 Abundant Blessings round thee pour :
 Then *Colin*, blest in this Retreat,
 Shall scorn the Glory of the Great,
 And here with sweet Contentment reign,
 A constant, kind, delighted *Swain* —.

*Be ever prais'd that Pow'r divine,
And blest the Hour that made thee mine.*



A SUPPORTABLE MISFORTUNE.

Imitated from MARTIAL.

Ἦν ὃ μανεῖς γήμη τις, ἔχει χάριν, ἣν καλοῦσιν
Εὐθὺς ἔ' γαμήην, προῖκα λαβὼν μεγάλην.

AUTO.

MORE sweet *Erotion* seem'd, and fair,
Than blooms that Scent the vernal Air,
Than *Virgin Lilly's* radiant hue,
Or softest *Dew*, or pearly *Dew* ;

* And

* And breath'd such Fragrance, such Perfume,
As Roses that in *Pæstus* bloom.

O ! snatch'd —, for ever snatch'd away!
To *Fate* a lovely tender Prey!
Entomb'd with thee my Pleasures lie,
My Mirth, my Love, my Raptures die !

† Scarce cold within the sacred Urn,
Erotion sleeps, whom thus I mourn,
Yet *Corvus* in a Rage appears
To hear my Sighs, and see my Tears,

* Fragravit ore, quod Rosarium *Pæsti*.

† Adhuc recenti tepet *Erotion* Busto, &c.

And cries, " Why this affected Show,

" * Of Grief, these Images of Woe?

" What means this Tearing of the Hair?

" This solemn Face of deep *Despair*?

" Can'tt thou one Sign of Sorrow see,

" One Mark of real Grief in me?

" † Yet I've interr'd a beauteous *Bride*,

" Her Fortune ample — as her Pride;

" Of sober Sense, and anxious Thought

" To magnify the Wealth she brought :

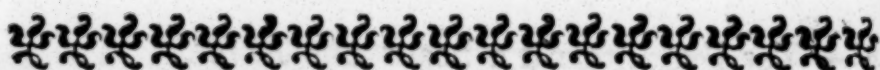
" Yet I survive a Loss so great,

" And seem contented with my Fate.

* Et esse tristem me meus vetat *Corvus*.

† Ego conjugem, inquit, extuli, & tamen vivo; notam, superbam, Locupletem, &c.

Thrice happy *Corvus*! blissful Hour!
 To lose a *Wife*, and gain a *Dow'r*:
 * What Patience *Jove* to *Corvus* gives!
 He gets a thousand Pound —— Yet lives!



The GIFT.

OPPRESS'D *Hibernia*, in Despair,
 Complains to *Jove* in fervent Pray'r,
 How fast her Liberties decay,
 How fast her Honours fade away,

* *Quid esse nostro fortius potest Corvo?*
Ducenties accepit, & tamen vivit.

Her *Sons* to no Preferments rise,
 Tho' Earth can boast of few so wise,
 How Poor, how Desolate she grows,
 And begs Redress of all her Woes.

Then *Jove*: “ *Hibernia* sues too late,
 “ Her Sorrows are decreed by Fate,
 “ But Heav’n those Sorrows shall repay
 “ With Blessings, in a nobler Way.
 “ Let haughty *Britain* boast no more,
 “ With scornful Pride, her golden Store,
 “ That distant Worlds her Name revere,
 “ That Arts and Learning flourish there ;
 “ To raise thy Glory, we design
 “ To bless thee with a *Gift* divine,

" A *Gift*, by which thy injur'd Name
 " Shall fill th' immortal Voice of Fame,
 " That *Albion* may with Envy see
 " Her Glories far surpass'd by thee.

Hibernia thanks him for the *Gift*,
 And owns she's overpaid in *Swift*.



MIRA'S PICTURE.

AS *Mira* the Lovely, whom Nature with Care,
 Created surpassingly Virtuous and Fair,
 Convers'd with *Clarissa*, in Words that reveal,
 That Learning and Wit which she strives to conceal,

A Poet

A *Poet* was near, who perceiv'd with Surprise,
 The Charms of her Mind equal those of her Eyes;
 So perfect a Form, so harmonious a Tongue,
 No *Pencil* e'er painted, no *Poet* e'er sung:
 And whilst her Perfections with Wonder he views,
 Thus, to *Cupid*, her constant Attendant, he sues.

What Language, O *Cupid*, what Words shall I
 find,

To speak the Perfections that polish her Mind?
 O! tell me what Colours can paint ev'ry Grace,
 That lives in her Language, and blooms in her Face!

Ne'er hope it, cries *Love*, not *Apollo's* own Lays
 Such various Perfections cou'd worthily praise;

Her

Her Wisdom the Envy of *Pallas* might move,
Her Beauty give Pain to the *Goddeſs* of Love.

But wou'd you deſcribe her both wiſe and ſin-
cere,
Than Sweet-breathing Bloſſoms more fragrant and
fair,
Of more Graces divine, more Virtues poſſeſt,
Than ever reſided in one Woman's Breſt,
Call her *Chloe's* Reverse, and Mankind will know,
That *Mira's* the perfecteſt Being below.





CUPID'S REPLY.

I.

COME tell me *Cupid*, *Venus* cries,
And speak, if possible, sincere,

What mortal Beauty boasts such Eyes

As these? The God reply'd, * *Kildare*.

II.

But see, my Child, this Form of mine,

What Charms, what Graces wanton there,

Who equals now this Bloom divine?

Persisting *Cupid* cries, *Kildare*.

* The Right Honourable the Countess of *Kildare*.

III. This

III.

This Skin excells the Virgin Snow,

These Lips, these Cheeks the Soul ensnare,
Can fairest Forms such Beauties show ?

Cries *Cupid*, go —, observe *Kildare*.

IV.

Her Innocence let *Cynthia* boast,

And *Wisdom's Queen* her Virtues rare,
Yet their united Charms, at most,

Will prove faint Copies of *Kildare*.





The *ADVICE.* *To* *MIRA.*

TWO Females fair, for Beauty fam'd,
 This *Flavia*, t'other *Mira* nam'd,
 Were form'd with ev'ry perfect Grace,
 Each Excellence of Mind and Face.

Tho' many a Heart for *Flavia* bleeds,
 In Wedlock *Mira* first succeeds :
 But soon the Blush that painted o'er
 Her Virgin Cheek, appears no more,
 Her Bloom in weak'ning Child-birth flies,
 And ev'ry rosy Beauty dies.

M

From

From *Flavia's* Cheeks the Roses fade,
 And fast her Maiden Charms decay'd,
 In Dairies, Fields, or lonely Bow'rs
 She wastes her solitary Hours,
 For Plays —, she sees a *Sylvan* Scene,
 And sighs for Town —, but sighs in vain.

How *Beauty* fades ! perplexing Thought !
 Thus both are on a Level brought,
 By diff'rent Causes both survey
 Their Pride-inspiring Charms decay.

Then thus, ye *Fair*, I both advise,
 Since Beauty ev'ry Moment flies,

Since ev'ry Hour those Charms decrease

Which deck the most alluring Face :

Improve, what *Time* can ne'er impair,

What only renders Woman fair,

What keeps a Husband always kind,

Improve, the Beauties of the *Mind*.



To LYCIDAS in the Countrey.

DEAR absent *Friend*, with Wisdom bless'd,
Of all that's Good and Great possess'd,

What gay Contrivance shall I find

To cheer thy Spleen-distemper'd Mind,

To chase the pensive Hours away,

And bid thy Solitude be gay?

M 2

You

You bid me write —: for *Verse* you cry
 Can raise the Soul to soar on high,
 Can ev'ry rapt'rous Joy impart,
 And pleasingly improve the Heart.

All this, dear *Friend*, I freely grant,
 But Ease and Solitude I want,
 I want those calm Delights that raise
 The raptur'd Soul to lofty Lays.

From me can tuneful Numbers flow,
 Whose harass'd Thoughts no Respite know?
 From me whom anxious Cares perplex,
 And never-ending Labours vex,

Confin'd to Town, tormenting Pain !

Where Hurry, Noise, and Nonsense reign ?

Now call'd, perhaps, away in haste,
To tend a Matrimonial Feast,
And join some venal-hearted *Pair*,
Who make not Love, but Wealth their Care,
Slight the pure Union's nobler Ends,
And Marry ——, just to please their Friends.

From thence with hasty Steps I go,
To Scenes of Poverty and Woe,
And taught, by what I there survey,
I moralize the Hours away.

Can

Can these excite that heav'nly Fire,
Which must the *Poet's* Song inspire?

No — ! the gay Sons of *Pæbus* love
The silent, thick-embow'ring Grove,
To lye beside the limpid Spring,
And hear the wood-born Warblers sing,
To wander o'er sequestred Scenes,
Or tread the Flow'r-enammel'd Plains,
Or near a Cowslip'd Bank reclin'd
To catch the Fragrance from the Wind,
Of Noise and Crowds, and Cares afraid,
High rapt in Solitude and Shade.



Ad CÆDITIANUM.

De Imagine M. ANTONII Primi.

V. Martialis, Epig.

HÆC mihi quæ colitur violis pictura, rosisque,
Quos referat vultus, *Cæditiane*, rogas?

Talis erat *Marcus* mediis *Antonius* annis

Primus: in hoc Juvenem se videt ore senex.

Ars utinam mores animumque Effingere posset!

Pulchrior in terris nulla tabella foret.



The Same Imitated.

On the PICTURE of *William Caulfield*, late
Lord Viscount *Charlemont*.

WHOSE Picture's this, you ask, replete,
With all that's Gen'rous, Good and Great,

Where

Where *Art* hath crowded ev'ry Grace
Which constitutes a noble Face?

Such *Caulfield* was, such Charms he wore
When Youth his Cheeks vermillion'd o'er,
Tho' Time, that ev'ry Form impairs,
Had crown'd his Head with silver Hairs,
In this, we see his Bloom survive,
And ev'ry Charm preserv'd alive.

Cou'd *Art* some nice Contrivance find
To paint the Beauties of his Mind,
Those Godlike Virtues which we trace
Thro' all his heav'nly-temper'd Race,
A lov'lier Piece the World wou'd own,
Cou'd ne'er to mortal Eyes be shown.



A PASTORAL ELEGY, *on the Death*
of a Lady's CANARY-BIRD.

*Passer mortuus est meæ Puellæ,
Passer deliciæ meæ Puellæ,
Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat.* CATUL.

NOW the grey Dawn had scarce o'ercome
the Night,

And o'er the *Welkin* cast a doubtful Light,

The paler Stars proclaim'd the Morn's Advance,

And faintly glimmer'd thro' the smooth Expanse;

When *Thenot*, simple Swain! with Grief oppress'd,

For *Vireo* dead, neglects his balmy Rest,

N

Flies

Flies to the Beach, unmindful of his Flock,
 There lies complaining on the chilling Rock,
 His Tears the Swellings of the Waves encrease,
 While Grief, with pale Concern, imprints his Face,

Be hush'd my Sighs —, ye Tears, more softly
 flow,

Be still ye Waves —, ye Winds forget to blow;
 Let *Echo* slumber in the dreary Vale,
 And *Nature*, silent, hear the sad'ning Tale — :
 Ah — ! no ! my Sighs, my fiercest Grievs arise —,
 Let ceaseless Sorrows overflow my Eyes,
 Ye Winds, the Air with hollow Murmurs fill,
 Let *Echo* spread my Woes from Hill to Hill,
 With greater Ease our Load of Grief we bear,
 When other Part'ners in our Sorrow share.

Oft, to my Eyes his airy Form appears,
 And oft his Voice soft warbles in my Ears;
 His quiv'ring Pinions, and his swelling Throat
 Now swim before my Sight —: Hark! that's his
 Note!

'Tis Fancy all —, and now that Fancy dies,
 Nor Joy, nor *Vireo* glads my tearful Eyes.

His Plumes the Beauties of the King-cup show,
 Mix'd with the Whiteness of descending Snow,
 His glossy Wings delightfully unfold,
 Like Ev'ning Clouds bestreak'd with liquid Gold;
 Smooth on his Breast the downy Feathers lay,
 No Down so smooth, no Fleece so soft as they:

But what avails that Eye-enchancing Store ?

His Plumes, his Voice, his Beauties are no more.

More sweet, more various were his pleasing Strains,
 Than rising Flow'rs that deck untrodden Plains :
 More cheering he than Breath of infant Spring,
 He'd sing so sweet —, how sweetly wou'd he sing !
 But now, ah see ! the fav'rite *Warbler* dead !
 See ! down his Breast now drops the speckled Head ;
 All stiff he lies the dampy Earth along,
 His little Bosom swells no more with Song,
 No more to melting Airs attunes his Voice,
 To charm the Vales, or bid the Groves rejoice,
 Fled are the Joys we felt whene'er he sung,
 And ev'ry Sweet that dwelt upon his Tongue.

Ye blithsome *Elves*, (if *Elves* regard our Pain,)

Who tread the Circles of the grassy Plain,

Who print the *Slatt'ren's* Arm with Pinches blue,

And Silver drop in cleanly Damsel's Shoe:

Who ride the whirling Winds by Swains unseen,

And Gambol mirthful on the daisy'd Green:

Where was your boasted Care, when *Vireo* lay

Devoid of Strength, and panting Life away?

Oh! had ye fav'd that Life which now is flown,

No Sighs this Breast, no Tears these Eyes had known.

It chanc'd, while *Thenot* plain'd his piteous Case,

And many a trickling Tear bedew'd his Face,

Stretch'd out at length within a *Cowslip*, lay

Fatigu'd with Moon-light Dance, and wanton Play,

A Fairy

A *Fairy* small: He turns his list'ning Ears
 To hear the Tale, and pities while he hears:
 Himself unseen, his slender Voice he rais'd,
 And thus, with Story meet, the Shepherd eas'd.

In vain your Sighs, your Tears in vain are shed,
 Nor Tears, nor Sighs recal the breathless Dead:
 Ah! witlefs Lad! thou causeless art a-griev'd,
 Had *Vireo* Life deserv'd, he still had liv'd:
 The fatal Cause by which the Warbler dy'd,
 Wrong dost thou ween, that Doubt must I decide.

One Ev'ning mild as fair *Lætitia* sung,
 And pour'd melodious Sweetness from her Tongue,
 Silent the wild Creation stood around,
 Intent to hear, and gladden'd with the Sound:

There *Vireo* came, and while his Ear he turn'd
 To catch her Notes, his Heart with Envy burn'd,
 With jealous Rage his tender Bosom swell'd,
 To hear his Song surpass'd, his Voice excell'd,
 No more he cheerful chirps, no more he sings,
 But droops his languid Head, and hangs his Wings,
 In secret pin'd with unsuspected Woes,
 And breath'd out Life before the Morn arose.

Here ceas'd the *Elve* ; and now the rising Day
 Along the Mountain shot a slanting Ray,
 Now *Marian* stretch'd her Linen o'er the Line,
 And *Susan* trudg'd to milk the lowing Kine,
 The Swain, reliev'd, forsook the lonely Rock,
 And hied to seek his long-neglected Flock.

PHOIBO-



P H O I B O - B A T H O S :

O R T H E

P O E T ' s W E L L .

Apparent RARI nantes.

VIRG.

I Wander'd out the other Day,
And stole from Care, and Town away,
No Cloud o'er all the Sky was seen,
The Fields were cloath'd with lively Green,
The Sun shone out exceeding fair;
And Hay new mown perfum'd the Air :

But forc'd to fly the Noon-day Heat,

I chose a silent shaded Seat,

From whence, where'er I turn'd my Eyes,

I saw inspiring Prospects rise,

Groves, Rivers, Hills with Verdure crown'd,

And *Nature* smiling all around,

And still to charm my Thoughts the more,

I read *Saphira's* Numbers o'er,

Where Wit and sacred Friendship shine,

And Virtue blooms in ev'ry Line.

But while, thus raptur'd, I attend

To each Perfection of my Friend,

I grieve, the World so ill repays

The noblest *Bards* of modern Days;

For Years, perhaps, unbid to rise,
Neglected, modest *Merit* lies ;
See ! *Learning*, that angelic Guest,
By pompous *Ignorance* deprest !
See, by the wealthy witless *Herd*,
The *Wise* contemn'd, the *Fool* prefer'd.

Reflecting thus, the drowsy *God*,
Thrice with his Sleep-creating Rod
My Eyelids touch'd ; soft Slumbers came,
And thus I dreamt — or seem'd to dream.

Some wond'rous *Pow'r*, methought, with Care
Convey'd me swiftly thro' the Air,
And plac'd me near the sacred Spring
At which the tuneful Sisters sing,

Where

Where God *Apollo* joins the Quire,
And strikes the Silver-sounding Lyre.

While rapt I stood, such Sounds to hear
As charm the Soul into the Ear,
Here cease the Song, *Apollo* cries,
Arise, ye Virgin-Train arise,
This Day, this ever-sacred Day
Shall ev'ry Author's Worth display,
Each *British*, each *Hibernian* Bard
Shall now acquire a just Reward,
I'll show the World what *Poet's* Lays
Shall bloom Immortal, blest with Praise,
And whose dull stupid Works shall lie
Unnotic'd, and obscurely die.

This said, before their wond'ring Eyes
 He bids a spacious *Temple* rise,
 A *Temple*, form'd with so much Art,
 So beautiful in ev'ry Part,
 It seem'd, (tho' rais'd in so much haste,)
 The Labour of an Age at least.

Within the Dome, enthron'd in State
 The *Ancients* sat, sublimely Great:
Homer, the Prince of Bards was there,
 And *Maro* with majestic Air;
 There *Flaccus*, who the Soul can sway
 With Lays polite, instructive, gay;
 The *Teian* too, whose Songs impart
 A thousand Raptures to the Heart,

And ev'ry Bard whose tuneful Tongue,
In sacred Strains divinely sung.

There *Albion's* ancient Sons appear'd,
Great Souls! as Deities rever'd:
Old *Chaucer*, who the Mind regales
With witty, mirth-creating Tales:
Sweet laurel'd *Spencer* next was seen,
Immortal in his *Fairy-Queen*;
Milton, who boundless Worlds explor'd,
Where never Poet's Fancy soar'd.
And durst so great a Subject chuse
As ask'd an *Angel* for a *Muse*:
Soft *Waller*, who with silver Tongue,
The Pains of hopeless Passion sung:

Shakespear

Shakespear, with whom the *Muses* dwell,
 Whom few can copy, none excell :
 With *Cowley*, of o'erflowing Wit ;
 And *Darset* keen in all he writ.

The *God* next bids the Earth subside,
 To form a *Well* immensely wide,
 And instant at his Word, the Ground
 Discloses deep a vast Profound,
 To fill the mighty Void, he sees
 The Waters rise, by just Degrees,
 And smiles with conscious Joy, to find
 The *Well* adapted to his Mind.

Now haste, he cries, ye sacred *Nine*,
 Sweet Modellers of Lays divine,

On Wings of *Zephyrs* thro' the Sky

To *Albion* and *Ierne* fly,

Let each collect with nicest Care

The Works of *Bards* that flourish there,

Then into *This* shall all be thrown,

To make their various Merits known.

The *Strains* by our Instruction writ,

With Spirit, Learning, Judgment, Wit,

Which Ages yet unborn shall praise,

And crown with never-fading Bays,

Shall float along the limpid Wave ;

Those consecrating *Time* shall save,

The rest shall sink, and swiftly go

To dwell in *Ebon* Shades below.

Here

Here shall the *Graces* stand to seize
 Each Work that on the Surface plays,
 And *Time* shall in his Temple place
 The Writings sav'd by ev'ry *Grace*.

He spoke; away the *Muses* fly
 More swift than *Eagles* thro' the Sky,
 Discharg'd their Errand, quick as Thought,
 And each a Load of Authors brought,
 On Themes sublime, and trifling Matters,
 Odes, Epics, Epigrams, and Satires,
 Labours of ev'ry Size and Kind,
 Yet left amazing Heaps behind,
 Assur'd, convinc'd before they try'd,
 Those Works must in the *Well* subside.

And, now the mystic Rites begin,
What Heaps, ye Gods! are tumbled in!
What Crowds of Volumes downwards tend!
How few have Worth to re-ascend!

First of the Time-surviving Train,
Appears th' inimitable *Dean*,
Whose Works so exquisite are writ,
With such uncommon Strokes of Wit,
Such Purity of Thought and Style,
They float uninjur'd all the while:
And these immortal matchless Lays
The smiling *Graces* fondly seize,
And place on *Time's* high-honour'd Throne,
Aloft, distinguish'd, and alone.

P

Then

Then *Pope*, and wife *Arbuthnot* gain
 Exalted Honours with the *Dean*;
 And soon the *Graces* snatch'd away
 The Strains of *Addison*, and *Gay* :
 And *Congreve*, *Dryden*, *Parnel*, *Prior*,
 Whose Writings boast *Apollo's* Fire ;
 With thine, O *Pollio*, next they raise
Saphira's, *Garth's*, and * *Harvey's* Lays,
 The tender *Granville's* Syren Strain,
 Too matchless to be sung in vain ;
 Sweet † *Philips*, who like *Milton* sung,
 With ‡ *Thompson*, || *Lycidas*, and *Young* :

* The Lord *Harvey*, Author of several excellent Poems.

† *John Philips*, Author of *Cyder*.

‡ *James Thomson*, Author of the admir'd Poems on the Seasons.

|| Mr. *William Dunkin*, Author of several elegant Poems, both in *English* and *Latin*,

And * others whom immortal Fame,
Hath honour'd with a Poet's Name.

They ceas'd; and now, *Apollo* cries,
Be this a Lesson to the Wife,
To those who gloriously excell
In judging clear, and writing well,
That ev'ry Work sublimely writ,
With Learning, Elegance, and Wit,
Shall reign admir'd from Age to Age,
And mock the snarling Critic's Rage,
O'er *Envy's* Offspring soar sublime,
Unhurt by *Calumny* or *Time*,

* *Mulgrave, Roscommon, Fenton, &c.*

While all the dull, detracting *Fry*,

Without Expencc of *Satire* die.

He spoke : I start with hallow'd Dread,

And all the sacred Vision fled.



A
PARAPHRASE

Of some of the

ODES

OF

ANACREON:

BEING

An ESSAY towards a TRANSLATION
of that POET.

*Te sequor, O Graiae gentis decus, — propter amorem,
Quod te imitari aveo.*

While all of the ...

... of the ...

PARAPHRASE

Of some of the ...

ODES

OF

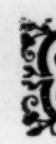
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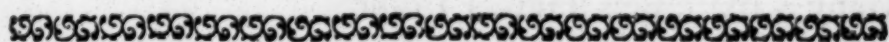
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W



A N A C R E O N
PARAPHRAS'D.



O D E I.

F A I N wou'd I, in lofty Verse,
Hero's godlike Acts rehearse,

Fain wou'd I a Subject chuse

Worthy of the noblest Muse,

Grecian Chiefs, or *Theban* Woes

Which from civil Discord 'rose,

But

But the Strings and *Lyre* approve

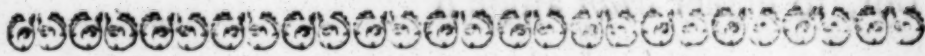
Nought but Softness, nought but Love.

Once, I chang'd the Strings and *Lyre*,
Which wou'd nought but Love inspire,
Strove to sing in loftier Lays,
Many a matchless Hero's Praise,
Toils *Herculean*, far-renown'd,
With immortal Honours crown'd ;
Vain Attempt! for ev'ry String
Echoes Love to all I sing.

Farewel Heroes, — ne'er shall I
Such exalted Subjects try,
Ever tender be my Lay,
Ever soft, and ever gay,

Since

Since the Strings alone approve
Soothing Sounds, and Sounds of Love.



O D E II.

NATURE, bounteously array'd
Ev'ry Animal she made
With such Arms, as best conduce
To its Safety, or its Use.

Nature horny Terrors spread
O'er the *Bull's* majestic Head:
Hoofs she gave the gen'rous *Steed*,
And to *Hares* the Light'ning's Speed:
To the scaly Kind she gave
Finns, to cut the chrystal Wave:

Q

To

To the *Birds*, exempt from Care,
 Wings to sport in Fields of Air ;
 But, to nobler *Man* assign'd
 An intrepid martial Mind.

What had Nature left, to grace
 The diviner Female Race ?
Beauty: whose prevailing Charms
 Prove the most resistless Arms :
Beauty Shield and Sword supplies,
Beauty vanquishes the Wise ;
Beauty, made to be ador'd,
 Safe defies the threat'ning Sword,
 Can devouring Flames assuage,
 And repel their desp'rate Rage ;

Beauty,

Beauty, makes the Hero fall,
 Conquers those who conquer all.

ODE III.

THE Stars, those glitt'ring Worlds of Light,
 That gild the dusky Face of Night,
 And deck the boundless airy Plain,
 Had finish'd half their nightly Reign,
 And Men by weak'ning Toil subdu'd,
 Dissolv'd in Sleep, their Strength renew'd,
 When *Cupid*, God of sweet Deceit,
 Impatient thunder'd at my Gate.

“ Who is't so rudely knocks, and tries
 “ To banish Slumber from my Eyes,

“ To tear the blissful Dreams away

“ With which the Soul delights to play ?

Then *Love* : Ah ! be not Friend, afraid,
 To lend your hospitable Aid,
 For I'm a Boy, unfit to bear
 The dreary Night's inclement Air;
 The Moon o'ercast, her Light denies
 To guide my Steps, and bless my Eyes,
 I've wander'd, chill'd with Cold and Rain,
 And fought some Place of Rest, in vain.

I pitied, while I heard his Woes,
 And quick to his Assistance rose,
 I soon reviv'd the faded Light
 To ease his Fears, and cheer his Sight;

And

And op'ning, saw an *Infant* stand,
 A Bow smooth-polish'd in his Hand,
 Two Wings, to wanton with the Wind,
 Their silver Plumage spread behind,
 And o'er his snowy Shoulder flung,
 The shaftful *Quiver* id'ly hung.

To swell his Heart with vig'rous Heat
 Before th' enliv'ning Fire I fate,
 His little Hands with mine I warm,
 From which I ne'er suspected Harm,
 His Limbs I chaf'd, and press'd with Care
 The chilling Moisture from his Hair.

New Life the vital Warmth supplies,
 And come, " Let's try this Bow, he cries,

" If

“ If yet the moisten’d Nerve can throw
 “ The Dart, or bend the circling Bow.

He strains the flexile Horn, and drew
 The Shaft, which too unerring flew,
 Like Light’ning it transfix’d my Heart,
 And scatter’d Pains thro’ ev’ry Part.

Away the *Wanton* lightly springs,
 And, laughing, waves his downy Wings,
 And cries, with me rejoice my Friend,
 My Fears were vain, my Sorrows end,
 My Bow’s uninjur’d, but thy Breast
 With pale, enfeebling Grief possesst,
 Shall swell with Woes unfelt before,
 And find it’s wonted Peace no more.



O D E IV.

ON Myrtles laid, with Roses crown'd,
And Flow'rs that breathe Delight around,
I'll drink, and all my Soul incline
To Mirth, the Child of gen'rous Wine.

Then *Love* shall like my Slave, prepare
The genial Bowl that poisons Care ;
For, swiftly as the Chariot flies,
To win the hard-contested Prize,
Our Life as swiftly rolls away
With all that's pleasing, all that's gay.

This Frame must soon to Ashes turn,
 And fill the cold Sepulchral Urn,
 And Silence chain the tuneful Tongue,
 Each Bone dissolv'd, each Nerve unstrung.

Why on our Tombs are Unguents spread,
 Superfluous Care ! to grace the Dead ?
 And why the vain Libation paid,
 To honour an unconscious Shade ?
 Rather to me, while yet I live,
 The costly fragrant Blessings give :
 My Head with roseate Crowns adorn,
 Whose Sweets surpass the Breath of Morn,
 And call the *Fair*, whose Charms impart
 Soft Ecstasies that sway the Heart.

O Love,

O *Love*, e'er I'm compell'd to go
To Crowds of joyless Shades below,
My Soul shall ev'ry Pleasure share,
And court Delight, and banish Care.



O D E V.

WITH Wine, that blissful Joys bestows,
Let's mix the sweetly-breathing *Rose*,
Love's fav'rite Flow'r ; and while we spread
It's blushing Beauties round the Head,
Let's drink, and laughing Cares away,
With Wine-begotten Smiles look gay.

Thou fairest, all-surpassing *Rose*,
What Charms thy op'ning Leaves disclose !

R

O thou,

O thou, the *Spring's* peculiar Care,
 Whose Sweets enrich the vernal Air!
 Belov'd, and courted here on Earth,
 And pleasing those of heav'nly Birth!
 When *Love*, the Child of *Venus*, leads
 The *Graces*, ever-blooming Maids
 In sportive Dance, thy Blossoms fair
 In fragrant Wreaths adorn his Hair.

Then crown me while I strike the Lyre,
 And wake the Notes that Mirth inspire:
 O *Bacchus*, near thy sacred Shrine,
 With blooming Virgins half-divine,
 While rosy *Wreaths* my Temples bind,
 I'll Dance, with ever-cheerful Mind.

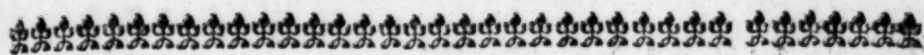
O D E VII.

'T WAS *Love's* Command, fair *Beauty's* Son,
 That I shou'd nimbly with him run,
 And when, by cautious *Fear* delay'd,
 I slowly with Regret obey'd,
 He urg'd me with a purple Wand,
 That grac'd his all-subduing Hand.

Thro' rushing Torrents swift we go,
 And Streams that roughly rapid flow,
 Thro' Woods that wave with passing Gales,
 Embow'ring Groves, and low-sunk Vales:
 But whilst the *Infant Pow'r*, and I
 Thro' Vales, and Groves, and Torrents fly,

A Serpent's Sting, thro' ev'ry Vein,
Diffus'd a Heart-enfeebling Pain,
Thro' all my Limbs a Faintness spread,
My Strength decay'd, my Vigour fled,
The Soul seem'd hast'ning to depart,
And Life scarce warm'd my languid Heart.

But *Love* immediate Comfort brings,
He fans me with his downy Wings,
" And know, from thy Contempt (he cries,)
" Of *Cupid's* Laws, thy Woes arise,
" Now, taught by Pain, his Pow'r adore,
" And tempt his just Revenge no more.



O D E VIII.

T WAS when the mirth-exciting Bowl
 Had sooth'd my Cares, and rais'd the Soul,
 That I on purple Carpets spread
 My Limbs at Ease, and lean'd my Head,
 'Till *Sleep*, the soft-wing'd Child of Night,
 With Shades enveil'd my swimming Sight,

Then seem'd I swift in am'rous Play,
 To run with Virgins, fair as Day,
 While Youths, more delicately fram'd
 Than that soft God *Lyæus* nam'd,
 Reproach'd my too advent'rous Age,
 That dare such Bloom and Youth engage,

— For

— For Love — was a prepos't'rous Crime,
In one so silver'd o'er by *Time*.

But while, to perfect all my Bliss,
I wish'd to snatch a fragrant Kiss,
From these my Sleep-forfaken Eyes,
The *Fancy's* fair Creation flies,
The sweet Illusions flit away,
And all the pleasing Forms decay.

Abandon'd, wretched, griev'd, alone,
I sigh'd, the lov'ly Phantoms flown,
I wish'd, I strove, but strove in vain,
To dream the Rapture o'er again.

O D E IX.

L Ov'ly, Snow-surpassing *Dove*,
 Sacred to the Queen of *Love*,
 Downy Wand'rer ! whence, and where
 Dost thou wanton thro' the Air ?
 How can'st thou thro' all the Sky
 Breathe such Odours as you fly ?
 Where did'st thou the Fragrance steal,
 Thus to scent the passing Gale ?
 How, from all thy glossy Plumes
 Drop such ever-sweet Perfumes ;
 Stay —, and let thy Tongue impart
 Whither hast'ning, whose thou art.

Thro'

Thro' the wide-expanded Air,
 I *Anacreon's* Message bear,
 Tender Love, and smiling Joy,
 To the sweetly-featur'd * Boy,
 Who, of Charms divine possessest,
 Reigns ador'd in ev'ry Breast.

For an Hymn, the Queen of *Love*
 Sold me, tho' her fav'rite *Dove* :
 Now *Anacreon* I obey,
 Tender Poet! ever gay!
 These are now my pleasing Care,
 These his soft Epistles are,

* *Bathyllus*.

Who, still bountiful to me,
Promis'd soon to set me free.

Yet, cou'd I my Freedom gain,
I wou'd still a Slave remain :
Servitude will blisful prove,
If enslav'd to those we love.

Why need I, with anxious Care,
Wish to wander thro' the Air,
Or to haunt sequestred Scenes,
Groves, where lonely Silence reigns ;
O'er the rocky Hills to fly,
Barren Scenes that tire the Eye ;
Or from Field to Field to stray,
All the flow-consuming Day ;

S

Or

Or on Sprays to sit and moan,
 Pensive, comfortless, alone,
 Eating what thro' all the Fields,
Nature's wild Profusion yields?
 Since my kind Possessor grants
 Sweet Supply for all my Wants,
 Since from his unfparing Hand
 Where I fondly-cooing stand,
 I can now, in wanton play,
 Snatch delicious Food away.

From *Anacreon's* nectar'd Bowl
 Wine I sip that cheers the Soul,
 Wine, that makes his Numbers gay,
 Parent of the sprightly Lay:

Raptur'd then my Wings I spread,
 Gently-waving, o'er his Head,
 While my fondling Motions tell
 What Delights my Bosom swell.

These are Pleasures which employ
 All my Moments, wing'd with Joy,
 And when these Amusements tire,
 On his Soul-enchanting *Lyre*
 Resting, Sleep with sweet Surprise,
 Soft-descending Seals my Eyes.

Hence, inquiring *Stranger*, go,
 You have all you wish'd to know;
 I shall prattle while I stay
 More incessant than a *Jay*.



O D E XXXIV.

NAY — fly me not, alluring *Fair*,
 Nor scorn these Locks of silver Hair,
 Tho' Youth now lends thee ev'ry Grace,
 And Beauty blooming paints thy Face,
 Tho' Nature o'er thy Cheeks hath spread
 The smiling Morning's purest Red,
 Tho' all that's lov'ly dwells in thee,
 Yet fly not thus from Love, and Me.

How do those Wreaths delight the Eye,
 Compos'd of Blooms of various Dye!
 See, Nymph, how fair the Lilly shows,
 Entwin'd around the blushing *Rose*!



On the CORPORATIONS riding the FRANCHISES. 1725.

HOW shall the Muse debase her Song,
 To paint a rude unpolish'd Throng,
 Dull, awkward Mimics of the Great,
 Snatch'd from the Counter into State?

See — ! to the Crowd the Pageant shown,
 Adorn'd with Beauties not his own,
 And while in borrow'd Pomp array'd,
 Forgetful of himself, and Trade!
 But all his *Trappings* laid aside,
 Those gay Inflamers of his Pride,

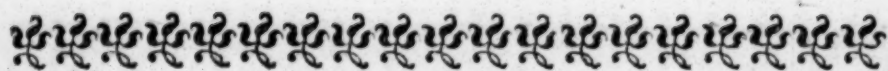
T

His

His fancy'd Honours are no more;
 He grows — as worthless as before.

Thus, when the *Sun* his Glory pours
 To gild a Cloud, that teems with Show'rs,
 Deckt in a beautiful Disguise,
 The show'ry Cloud attracts our Eyes;
 But, when the *Sun* withdraws the Rays,
 That taught admiring Clouds to gaze,
 Those Beauties fly that made it priz'd,
 The Cloud remains, — remains despis'd.





To VALGIUS, refusing to sup with me.

V *Algius*, the gen'rous, and the wife,

If ask'd to sup with me, denies ;

" He can't in *Conscience* sup, or dine,

" With one, whose *Income's* small as mine.

Ye Pow'rs! believe me when I vow,

I never wish'd for *Wealth* till now ;

'Tis *Death* to want the *Means* to spend,

But O! — 'tis more to want a *Friend*.



To VARUS. *In the Country.*

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus Amico.

THO' here confin'd to Noise and Care,
To thick, impure, *Bæotian* Air,
Tho' here no Scenes delight the Eye,
Or give the Fancy Wings to fly;
Yet, when I read thy perfect Lines,
Where all Poetic Beauty shines,
Where Thought sublime, and Taste polite,
And Wit and Elegance unite,
The raptur'd *Muse* attempts to sing,
And tunes for thee the trembling String.

You

You, *Varus*, in so sweet a Strain,
 Describe the blissful rural Scene,
 That while I read, with ravish'd Eyes
 I see a new Creation rise,
 Of Hills, or Lawns, or verdant Vales,
 Or Groves, soft waving with the Gales,
 I seem to tread enchanted Ground,
 And see all *Nature* smile around.

Charm'd with the Song —, methinks with thee
 The mazy-running Stream I see,
 Or haunt the Woods or Groves to hear
 The wing'd Creation charm the Ear,
 Or laid on primros'd Banks along
 Enamour'd, hear thy sweeter Song,

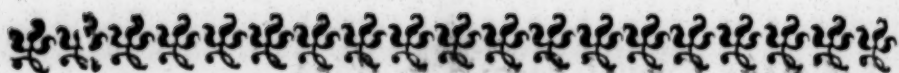
And

And thro' th' Exalted numbers trace
 All *Milton's* Strength, and *Maro's* grace.

What Joy, O *Friendship!* do we find
 In thee, to raise the human Mind!
Friendship's the noblest Bliss we know
 That virtuous Souls can taste below,
 The sacred, social, tender Tye
 Of Souls immortaliz'd on high:
 It makes our Pleasures more sincere,
 Divides, and lessens ev'ry Care,
 Forbids the burden'd Heart to sigh,
 And wipes the Tear from *Sorrow's* Eye,
 Makes Solitudes and Desarts please,
 And sooths the Soul a thousand Ways.

Judicious *Varus*! form'd to shine
 In Arts refin'd, and Lays divine!
 You imitate those *Bards* so well,
 In whose blest Strains the Muses dwell,
 Whom Fame hath hymn'd in ev'ry Clime,
 Whose Works deride the Teeth of Time,
 That whatsoe'er in them we praise,
 Transplanted, blossoms in thy Lays.

Thus while the Bee, with chymic Pow'r,
 Extracts the Sweets of ev'ry Flow'r,
 Refining ev'ry purest Part,
 And blending all with nicest Art,
 Those various Sweets in him we find
 Improv'd, collected, and combin'd.



HAPPINESS.

PLAGU'D with Dependence on the *Great*
 To raise me from my humble State;
 With paying Court to faithless Friends,
 Who disappointed all my Ends;
 With wasting all my blooming Years
 In endless Toils, and Hopes, and Fears;
 How fondly longs my Soul to gain
 The calm, uncrowded, rural Scene!
 To fly the *Man* whose treach'rous Art
 Deludes the undefining Heart!
 No *Calumny*, no pale-cheek'd Care,
 No *Envy* shall attend me there.

There

There seated near a gliding Stream,
 Intent on some inspiring Theme,
 Or wand'ring o'er the flow'ry Vale,
 Imbibing Joy from ev'ry Gale,
 I strive that blissful State to gain
 So fondly fought, so fought in vain.

Vain are our fondest Hopes of Bliss
 From such a faithless World as this,
 Where Vice in ev'ry Form appears,
 In wanton Youth, and palsy'd Years;
 Where Villany exalted shines,
 And Merit unregarded pines;
 Angelic Probity's unpriz'd,
 And Heav'n-descended Truth despis'd;

Where Friendship's Name conceals a *Knave*
 Subtle, and studious to deceive,
 (A *Corvus*, who with great Success,
 At once can murder and caress ;)
 Where triumphs self-adoring Pride,
 Where Virtue's scorn'd, and God defy'd.

Too long deceiv'd I strove to know
 Felicity in Things below.
 But now, O *Pow'r supreme* ! I see
 True Happiness resides with thee,
 With thee, whose Wisdom guides on high
 The Worlds of Light that gild the Sky,
 And made this Earth a Place of Pain,
 A mix'd unsatisfying Scene.

Let Wealth have Wings, and Friends profess
 Stab the sincere unguarded Breast:
 Preferment's golden Show'r be shed
 On *Clodio's* undeserving Head:
 Or Calumny's envenom'd Dart
 Transfix me in the tend'rest Part:
 Since no Distress in Time or Place,
 Can make eternal Goodness cease,
 In God alone my raptur'd Mind
 Unmix'd Felicity shall find.





To P O L L I O.

*A DIALOGUE between the AUTHOR
and his FRIEND, in the Manner of
Horace's 1st Sat. 2^d Book.*

AUTHOR.

SINCE modern Bards, in these degen'rate Days
Are neither paid in Profit, nor in Praise;
Since ev'ry Fool can censure what is writ,
And Fools have strong Antipathies to Wit;
Since all who public Authors will commence
Severely suffer for the Claim to Sense;
Since none escape from Defamation free
From *Swift* and *Pope*, to *Mævius* and to *Me*;

Give

Give me, my Friend, my *Pollio*, thy Advice
To guide my Conduct in a Point so nice:
I'm but a youthful Candidate for Fame,
Nor dare to hope a Poet's sacred Name,
Unknown, unnumber'd with the tuneful Throng,
High-honour'd Names! Immortaliz'd by Song;
Scarce have I touch'd the fam'd inspiring *Hill*,
And dread eternal Shame for writing ill;

* What shall I do?

FRIEND.

Desist.

AUTHOR.

What, quite give o'er
Th'amusing Sweets of Verse — and write no more?

*
Quid faciam præscribe Quiescas. Trebati,
Omnino versus? Aio. Ne faciam, inquis,
HOR.

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

So I advise ; for Authors vainly strive
 For Favour, Wealth, or Happiness, alive :
 Ev'n *Hope*, the Poet's fancy-raising Pow'r,
 His sole Recourse at each distressful Hour,
 That bounteous Goddess who alone sustains
 Dejected Authors, and rewards their Pains,
 Far hence is fled : — the low-soul'd Great refuse
 To smile on Merit, or caress the Muse.

Yet if, to Prudence and Discretion blind
 * The Love of Verse is rooted in your Mind,
 If undeterr'd by *Turpio's* dismal Fate,
 Too early rash, and penitent too late ;

* Si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, &c.

If Critic-proof you patiently can bear
 The various Plagues of Doubt, and Hope, and Fear;
 If thus resolv'd, chuse some exalted Theme,
 To raise at once your Fortune, and your Fame:
 Your sweetest Songs to *Dorset's* Glory raise
 A *Dorset's* Name will dignify the Lays;
 In him the Muse, unflatt'ring may commend
 The Friend of Virtue, and the Muse's Friend;
 A Soul enrich'd with ev'ry social Grace
 That gives Perfection to the human Race.

AUTHOR.

O *Pollio*, fondly wou'd thy Friend pursue
 That Path to Glory pointed out by you,

* Cupidum — vires deficient, &c.

But I'm deny'd by all-disposing Fate;
 A Genius equal to a Task so great :
 Such Love to Merit, such Delight to bless,
 Such Joy to raise the Wretched from Distress;
 So rich a Mind, with ev'ry Virtue fraught,
 Such Worth as his transcends the Poet's Thought,
 To nobler Bards such godlike Themes belong,
 And ask a *Maro's*, or a *Pollio's* Song,

But say, my Friend, in this ill-judging Age,
 When Verse and Learning mourn the Critic's Rage,
 Why shall the Vain, the Dull, and Thousands more,
 Uncensur'd act their Follies o'er and o'er ?
 Is there no Pride, no Villany, no Crime,
 No Fools to ridicule, but Fools in *Rime* ?

The soft *Crinitus* with surprizing Care
 Affects the *Lisp*, and Languish of the *Fair*,
 In Dress and Nonsense trifles out the Day,
 Or sits facetious at a mournful Play;
 This delicate Disgrace to human kind
 In ev'ry Part is polish'd — but his Mind.

Corvus the Dolt, with undiscerning Head,
 In *Euclid*-Learning is profoundly read,
 Whence with amazing Toil a Fund he gains
 To rack at once his *Hearers* and his *Brains*,
 To make him rail eternally at Wit,
 And read unmov'd what *Swift* or *Flaccus* writ:
 Whence he extracts the Wisdom and Grimace
 To talk of Trifles with important Face,

To act a stupid, Sense-detesting Part,
And dull by *Nature*, grows more dull by *Art*.

Paulo is blest with an immense Estate,
In all Things — but a Soul — and Virtue — Great:
Stiff in Brocade, in Vanity profuse,
What can he spare for any godlike Use?
Paulo forgets that Providence intends
His Gifts for better, more exalted Ends;
With Joy unhop'd to swell the Soul distressed,
And bless himself by making others blest,
To heal the wounded Heart, true Worth to raise,
Diffusing Happiness a thousand Ways.

FRIEND.

Great is the Task, and glorious is the Rage
To lash the darling Follies of the Age,

To

To favour Virtue, Vice to ridicule,
 And scourge the base, the vain, the study'd *Fool* :
 Yet *Bards* may write, Philosophers declaim,
 And brand with Infamy the Villain's Name ;
 But what avail those Lessons of the Wife ?
 Few look at Virtue with untainted Eyes :
 Few can believe that Satire is design'd
 To mend, to polish, to improve the Mind ;
 Deaf are the Vicious to instructive Rhimes,
 And blast the Poet, to assert their Crimes.



(111)

To the Hon. the Secy. of the Navy

Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. D. [Signature]

Chief Clerk

C

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AN
ODE,
Perform'd at the
CASTLE of DUBLIN,
OCTOBER 30.
BEING THE
BIRTH-DAY
Of His SACRED MAJESTY
KING GEORGE II.

*Conamur, tenues, grandia,
Laudes egregii Cæsaris —*

*Hic dies verè mihi festus, atras
Eximet Curas: Ego, nec tumultum,
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
Cæsare terras.*

HOR.



C

U

And

Each

Jo

Like

From



A N
O D E, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

GREAT, inexhausted Source of Day,
Bright Parent of the genial Ray,
Unfold thy purest Beams of Light,
And bring with thee, enliv'ning Pow'r!
Each silver-wing'd, each blisful *Hour*,
Joy-creating, rob'd in white.

A I R.

Like thee AUGUSTUS reigns below,
From Him diffusive Blessings flow,

And

And cloath'd with Grandeur, Glory, Love,
He emulates thy Reign above.

Da Capo.

A I R.

Wake the Soul-enchanting *Lute*,
The warbling *Lyre*, the breathing *Flute*,
And touch the *Viol* into Sound:
With Joy let ev'ry Voice proclaim
A GEORGE, the fav'rite Son of *Fame*,
With all exalted Virtues crown'd.

A I R.

Sacred Wisdom, heav'nly Guest!
And Justice, Attribute divine!
Fix their Empire in his Breast,
And bid the finish'd *Hero* shine:

Who gives a Lustre to the Throne,
And makes his People's Joy his own.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

This Day be sacred o'er the Earth,
The Day that gave AUGUSTUS Birth;
For he abundant Wealth supplies,
And bids neglected MERIT rise.

A I R.

That *Learning, Virtue, Wisdom* gain
Distinguish'd Honours in his Reign,
Let CART'RET's Worth high-rais'd proclaim.
If *Wisdom* yet may higher soar,
If *Merit* be rewarded more,
Yet greater Glories shalt exalt his Name.

Da Capo.

Y

A I R.

A I R.

Plenty, drest in Smiles appears,

And *Learning*, beauteous Child of *Peace*,

Her heav'nly Form, delighted, rears,

And *Pleasure* sports in ev'ry Face:

Those Blessings, which unceasing flow

From his indulgent bounteous Hand.

Let proud oppressing Tyrants know

To bless, is nobler than command.

Da Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E.

What *Muse* can in a glorious Light,

His early Excellence display;

When, cloath'd with Terrors, thro' the Fight

He spread CONFUSION and DISMAY?

A I R.

A I R.

See! fir'd with Ardor to engage,

The BRITISH AMMON pours along

With an impetuous Torrent's Rage,

And pierces thro' the thickest Throng!

Slaughter wastes at his Command,

And Thousands sink beneath his Hand;

The Combat bleeds where-e'er he goes,

And wide the purple Deluge flows,

R E C I T A T I V E.

While thro' the vanquish'd Host,

By his intrepid Valour lost,

Amazement, Terror, Discord fly,

And *Fear*, with oft-reverted Eye.

(160)

A I R.

Goddeſs *Glory*, haſte, prepare

The golden Wreath for *GEORGE*'s Brow,

GEORGE, more worthy of thy Care,

Than all that Nature form'd 'till now,

Tho' *BRUNSWICK*'s, and a *NASSAU*'s Name,

Have fill'd the loudeſt Voice of Fame.

Da Capo.

A I R.

Ye ever-watchful Guardian Pow'rs,

Propitious round *Augustus* wait,

Bid the ſmiling, circling *Hours*,

Waft new Glories to his State;

On him let ev'ry Bleſſing flow,

That *Man* can hope, or *Heav'n* beſtow.

Da Capo.

REC I-

RECITATIVE.

Heav'n, to grace his Throne inclin'd,

Created, with exactest Care,

CAROLINE, surpassing fair,

And stamp'd Perfection on her Mind,

A I R.

Worthy over Hearts to reign,

Beauty's Hand thy Person drest,

The *Graces* too, a blooming Train,

In ev'ry Feature smile confest;

Ev'ry Charm, and Gift divine

Lives in gracious CAROLINE.

Da Capo.

A I R.

O Fate! to crown the glorious Scene,

Preserve the blooming Race with Care,

For,

For, there the Parent Virtues reign,

And all our golden Hopes are there :

Let them thro' rising Ages shine,

And bless like GEORGE and CAROLINE.

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

We ask no more, propitious *Fate!*

Peculiar Blessings for our State;

That Plenty, Wealth, and Peace may smile

And pour *Abundance* o'er our Isle :

But hear, O! hear *HIBERNIA's* Pray'r;

Preserve and guard the Royal Pair ;

In that kind Heav'n will give us more

Of Glory, Grandeur, Wealth, and Fame

Than e'er adorn'd *Britannia's* Name;

Or ever blest the World before.

THE
PLAGUE OF WEALTH,
OR THE
POET'S DIARY:

OCCASION'D

By the AUTHOR'S receiving 50*l.* from his
EXCELLENCY the Lord *CARTERET*,
as a Premium for the foregoing ODE
on his MAJESTY'S Birth-Day.

I N A

LETTER to Dr. *DELANT*.

Ἐγὼ τοίνυν ἐν τῇδε τῇ πόλει, ὅτε μὴ πλάσιον ἦν, πρῶτον
μὲ ἐφοβόμην, μή τις μᾶλλον οἰκίαν διορύξας, καὶ τὰ χρή-
ματα λάβοι, καὶ αὐτὸν τί με κακὸν ἐργάσασαι. Xenoph.

*Quid juvat immensum — argenti pondus et auri —
— vigilare metu exanimem, noctesque, diesque,
Formidare malos fures, incendia, servos,
Ne te compilent fugientes; hoc juvat? Horum
Semper ego optarim pauperrimus esse bonorum.* Hor.

REPORT OF THE
COMMISSIONER OF WEALTH
OR THE
PORTS DIARY

THE
COMMISSIONER OF WEALTH
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COMMISSIONER OF WEALTH
OR THE
PORTS DIARY

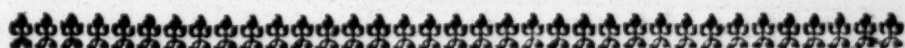
THE
COMMISSIONER OF WEALTH
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PORTS DIARY

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THE
PLAGUE OF WEALTH,
OR THE
POET'S DIARY.

In a LETTER to Dr. *DELANY*.



Dear Doctor,



HO' you expected to see me
the happiest Man in the World,
by the extraordinary Honours
which I receiv'd from his *Excellency*,
Z yet

yet I cannot forbear acquainting you that you are greatly disappointed in that Respect.

Before I receiv'd his Bounty, (which far surpass'd my Hopes, and was more the Effect of his Generosity than any Merit of mine,) I thought *Riches* were so necessary an Ingredient in human Life, that it was scarce possible to attain any Degree of Happiness without them.

I imagin'd that if I had but a competent Sum, I should have no Care, no Trouble to discompose my Thoughts, nothing to withdraw my Mind from *Virtue* and the *Muses*, but that, if possible, I should enjoy a more exalted Degree of Content and Delight than I had hitherto. But now I perceive these Kind of Notions to have been the pure genuine Effect of a very empty *Purse*.

My

My Hopes of Happiness are vanish'd at the Encrease of my Fortune: My Opinions of Things are of a sudden so altered, that I am taught to pity none so much as the *Rich*; who by my Computation (after three tedious Weeks Experience,) must of Necessity have an Income of *Plagues*, proportion'd to that of their Fortunes.

I know this Declaration surprizes you, but in order to convince you, I will, as exactly as possible, set down, by way of DIARY, the different Emotions of Mind which I labour'd under, during the first three Weeks *Guardianship* (for I can hardly call it Possession) of that same unfortunate, Care-bringing fifty Pounds, and I have not the least doubt but you will believe my Assertion to be true.

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Monday, Feb. 16.

Receiv'd this Morning the agreeable News of being ordered to wait on his Excellency the Lord *Carteret*; but suffered a great deal of Perplexity about appearing before one in so eminent a Station, and more admired and eminent for Learning, and every other Perfection of the Mind. — Went however to the *Castle* — met with a very gracious Reception — had full Proof of that Affability, Wisdom and Generosity for which his Excellency is so peculiarly distinguish'd, and which I knew before only by the Testimony of others — was ordered to go to Mr. T — to receive the Premium appointed by my Lord.

Memoranda

Memorand. Imagin'd my Stature greatly increas'd, and walk'd more erect than usual — went on high Spirits to the *Secretary's*, (but as a Drawback to my Happiness) receiv'd the dispiriting Account of his being confin'd to his Chamber — denied Admittance.

Memorand. His *Excellency* easier of Access than his Officer.

Tuesday 17.

The Secretary still sick — paid a Visit to his Street-Door about twelve — returned Melancholy —

Wednesday — ditto.

Thursday — ditto.

Friday — ditto.

Saturday

Saturday — *ditto.*

Sunday — *ditto.*

O! 'twas a dreadful Interval of Time!

Monday 23.

Ordered to wait again on Mr *T* — ; but happening to be over eager to receive the Sum, I hastened away too unseasonably about half an Hour after twelve, and found him asleep —.

Mem. admitted this Morning to stand in the Hall, and not at the Door as hath been slanderously and maliciously reported; I presume, because it happen'd so at other Times —.

Walk'd in the *Piazza's* till after *one*, ruminating on the various Hopes and Fears with which my Mind had been tormented this Week past — could not forbear repeating

peating aloud the two Lines of the *Libel*,
which accidentally are not more true of
Mr. *Addison* than his Friend,

*Who, grown a Minister of State
Sees Poets at his Levee wait.*

Mem. Not under any Apprehension of
being understood by any Persons walking
there, which were only a few *Lawyers*,
and a *Parson* or two —.

Saunter'd again to the *Secretary's* —
out of Hope — permitted now to go in-
to a wide unfurnished Apartment — in
half an Hour's Time admitted to his Pre-
sence — receiv'd a *Bill* of fifty Pounds —
return'd with great Delight —

I now imagined that nothing was want-
ing to make me really happy, I pleas'd
my self also with the Thought of com-
municating Happiness to my Friends,
who

who would share in my Success, and particularly to you who are unwearied in endeavouring to promote the Felicity of others. How far I was disappointed will appear in the Sequel — so to proceed with my Diary.

I wrapp'd up my BILL very carefully — yet could not forbear looking at it sometimes, tho' not oftner than at every Street's Length —. But mark the Instability of all human Affairs! — As I was very attentively reading it, a pert swaggering Fellow rushes by me — I immediately suspected an Attempt upon my Treasure — look'd as earnestly as I dar'd in the Fellow's Face, and thought I read Robbery in the Lines of his Countenance — so, hastily flipt my Bill into my Pocket without its Cover — met a Friend — told him of my Success — and the Generosity of his Excellency — but
pulling

pulling out the Bank *Note* hastily tore it in the Middle — dismally frightened — I came home — shew'd it to my Wife — was more terrify'd at hearing that it would now be of no Value — receiv'd several Compliments from her for my Care of it — and, *that I was likely to be rich, since I took such Pains to preserve what I got* — and the like — went directly in a Fit of Anger and Vexation to *Henry's Bank* — smil'd a little and spoke submissively to the *Clerk* — obtain'd a new *Bill* — return'd again in great Joy — all Things settled amicably between us.

Mem. Found upon Enquiry that the ill-favour'd Gentleman abovemention'd was only Mr — what d'ye call him — the *Attorney*, of whom I need not have been in such Terror, since he was never

A a

known

known to be guilty of any such Action in a *public Way*.

Monday Night 12 o' Clock.

Went to Bed as usual — but found my self violently pull'd till I awoke — seiz'd with a very great trembling — grew less concern'd when I heard a Voice crying — *Take Care of the Bill* — found immediately it proceeded from the Concern of my Bed-fellow, who, it seems, was as ill formed to possess great Riches as my self — pitied her — told her it was safe — fell asleep soon, but was in less than two Hours rous'd again with her crying — *my Dear — my Dear — are you sure it is safe — ? Don't you hear some Noise there — ? I'll lay my Life there's Robbers in the Room — ! Lord ha' Mercy upon us — ! What a hideous Fellow*

low I just now saw by my Bedside with a drawn Sword — ! Or did I dream it — ?
 Trembled a little at her Suspicions —
 slumber'd — but was awakened a third
 Time in the same Manner — 'rose about
 Six much discompos'd — receiv'd a very
 solemn Charge to be watchful against
 Accidents — and let me beg of you,
my Dear, to have a great Care of the
Bill.

Tuesday 24.

Became extremely impatient to have
 this tormenting *Bill* chang'd into Money,
 out of a Belief that it would then be less
 liable to Accidents, breaking of Bankers,
 &c. — went to one Bank, and was re-
 fus'd — yet was asham'd to go to *Henry's*
 so soon — contriv'd however to get it
 exchang'd after a great Variety of Schemes

and Journeys to several Places — came home — spread it upon a Table to see the utmost Bounds and Extent of my Riches — all the rest of this Day fate contriving where to lay it — what Part of my House would be most secure — what Place would least be suspected by Thieves if any should come — perceiv'd my Mind abundantly more disturb'd with having so much Money in my Custody, than I was before —.

Tuesday Night 11 o' Clock.

Went round my House to inspect the Doors whether they were all safe — perceiv'd a great Deficiency of Bars, Bolts, Locks, Latches, Door-Chains, Window-Shuts, Fire-Arms, &c. which I never had taken the least Notice of before —. Peep'd with great Circumspection under
the

the Beds — resolv'd to watch this Night and to prepare proper Expedients for my Security next Morning — watch'd accordingly.

Wednesday 25.

Extremely fatigu'd with last Night's watching — consulted several Hours about preserving my Wealth, believ'd it most safe in *Bills* — after mature Deliberation hurry'd away to the Bank, and took a *Bill* for it — came away with an easier Mind — walk'd above two Streets Length chearfully — but began to reflect, that if my Load was lighter, yet on the other Hand the *Bill* might again be torn, be dropt, be mislaid — went back again in Haste — once more receiv'd it in Money — brought it home — look'd frequently behind me

as

as I walk'd — hid it — resolv'd
to lay out the greatest Part of it in
Plate — bespoke it accordingly —
prepar'd my Fire-Arms — went to
Bed — not one Wink of Sleep all
this Night —.

Thursday 26.

Look'd a little paler to Day than
usual — but, not much concern'd at
that, since it was misinterpreted by my
Friends for the Effects of hard Study —
invited abroad to Dinner — went — sat
down to Table, but in that dreadful Mo-
ment recollected, that my Closet, where
my whole Treasure was deposited, was
left open — was observ'd to change Co-
lour, and look terrified — not *Macbeth*
so started when he saw the Ghost of mur-
der'd *Banquo* at the Feast —.

Mem.

Mem. Money a perpetual *Apparition* to the covetous Mind.

— Ran distractedly home — found all safe, but return'd too late for Dinner — fasted — fretted — well saith *Paul* — *Money is the Root of all Evil* —.

Thursday Night 12 o' Clock.

Hired a Watchman to guard my Doors — went to Bed — but no Sleep — those same Mind-plaguing Riches floated uppermost in my Thoughts — methinks they cry'd — *Sleep no more* — ! *Thy Wealth hath murder'd Sleep!* — slumber'd however a little towards Morning — dreamt of nothing but *Robbers, Assassins, Spectres, Flames, Hurricanes* — wak'd in great Terror.

Dear

Dear Doctor,

It would be too tedious to pursue the dreadful Narration any further. Every Day administer'd new Cause of Uneasiness, nor did my Concern forsake me even in the midst of Company and Wine.

'Till I had the Plate sent home I was uneasy, lest after I had order'd it to be made I should be robb'd of my Money, and then not be able to pay for it; and when I had it once in my Possession, I trembled every Instant for Fear of losing it for ever.

When at home, I was afraid of being murder'd for my Substance; and when abroad, I was as much terrified with the Apprehension, that either my Servants might possibly be dishonest, and so contrive to deprive me of it while I was not guarding it; or else, that by Carelessness they

they might set Fire to my House and destroy it all at once. •

Every *Bell* I heard ring, I immediately imagin'd to be a *Fire Bell*; and every *Fire Bell* alarm'd me with a Belief that my own House was in a Blaze; so that I was plagued without Interruption.

Since I have recover'd my self a little, I have made an exact Calculation of the Quantity of Pleasure and Pain which I endur'd, and I shew you the just Balance the more fully to convince you.

A faithful Account of the Happiness and Misery of MATTHEW PILKINGTON, Clerk, for the Space of eleven Days, on receiving fifty Pounds from his Excellency the Lord CARTERET.

H A P P Y.

	Day.	Hour.	Min.
During the whole Time of being with my <i>Lord</i> , and till I went to the <i>Secretary's</i> .	0	1	0
By telling my Success to several Friends, and describing his <i>Excellency's</i> Person and Perfections.	0	3	1
By receiving the Sum from Mr. T——	0	0	3
By obtaining the new Bill for that which was torn, and pacifying my <i>Wife</i> .	0	3	0
<i>Total of Happiness</i>	0	7	4
			MISE-

MISERABLE.

	Day.	Hour.	Min.
All the Remainder.	10	16	56

To conclude all, to keep my Mind as calm and quiet as it was in the Days of my Poverty, I have expended thirty two Pounds in Plate, to be a Monument of his Excellency's Generosity to me: And that Plate I have lodg'd at a rich Neighbour's House for its Security; about ten Pounds I have expended in fortifying my House, against the next *Money-Misfortune* may happen to me; of which however at present there appears no great Danger. And if providentially my Fortune be advanc'd, I hope to bear it with greater Resolution,

7

and

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and to be in a better Condition to preserve it. I am

Dear DOCTOR,

Your Affectionate

*Dublin, March
26, 1730.*

Friend and Servant,

MATT. PILKINGTON.



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